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BELLS OF VICTORY:

—A—

COLLECTION OF MUSIC

FOR

TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

—BY—

J. H. TENNEY AND REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

BOSTON:
OLIVER DITSON & CO.

NEW YORK: CHAS. H. DITSON & CO.
CHICAGO: LYON & HEALY.
PHILADELPHIA: J. E. DITSON & CO.

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MAY 24, 1939

TO the noble army of temperance workers, both men and women, together with all who love the glorious temperance cause, and are praying, hoping and trusting that the day draweth nigh when all the world will be redeemed from the curse of rum, this collection of songs — the result of much experience and labor — is respectfully inscribed by

THE AUTHORS.

Boston, July, 1888.

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1888

BELLS OF VICTORY.

No. 1. GOD SAVE OUR LAND.

Mrs. A. F. Law. J. H. Tenney.

1. God save our glorious land—Stretching from strand to strand! God save our land! Long may her ban-ner wave O'er freemen true and brave, And shade each patriot's grave! God save our land! God save our land!
2. God make our Union strong—Untouch'd by hate and wrong! God make it strong! From foes our land re-lease! Grant us Thy per-fect peace! Thy blessings still increase! God save our land! God save our land!
3. God make our na-tion pure! Thro' time may she en-dure! God make her pure! Tried by re-fin-er's fire—Blood-bought by son and sire— Let not her fame expire! God save our land! God save our land!
4. God bless our noble land! With unction from Thy hand, God bless our land! Make her in might to grow! On her rich gifts be-stow! Guard her from ev'ry woe! God bless our land! God bless our land!

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No. 2. RING THE BELLS.

E. A. Hoffman. Chas. Edw. Prior.

1. There's a na - tion to be stirred, Ring the bells, ring the bells!
2. Sound the drum-beat of a - larm, Ring the bells, ring the bells!
3. There is tri - umph in the air, Ring the bells, ring the bells!

Let the bat - tle song be heard, Ring the bells, ring the bells!
Call up - on the brave to arm, Ring the bells, ring the bells!
God has heard the people's prayer, Ring the bells, ring the bells!

Sound it loud and sound it clear, Sound it far and sound it near, Sound it
Send them forth the foe to meet, Plung-ing in the battle-heat, Till the
O'er the hills the dawn appears, And the tide of vict'ry nears; Fill the

Chorus.

out with song and cheer, Ring the bells, ring the bells! Ring the bells, ring, ring! Ring the
foemen shall retreat, Ring the bells, ring the bells!
air with shouts and cheers, Ring the bells, ring the bells!

bells, ring, ring! Ring the bells of freedom, ring, And the song of bat-tle sing! Ring the

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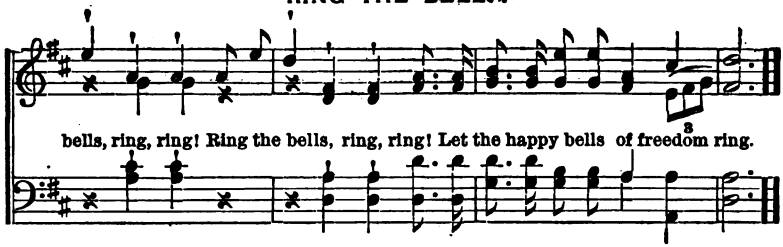
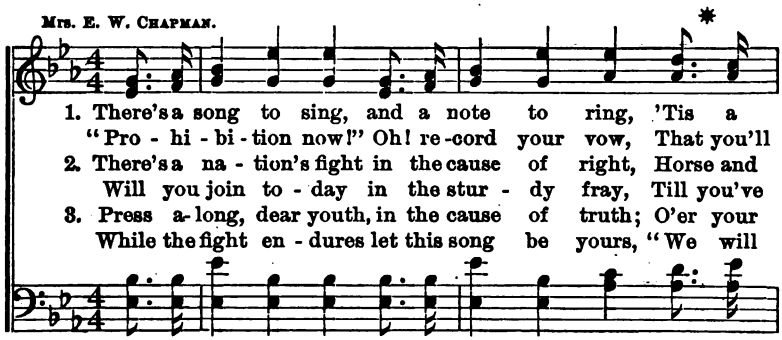
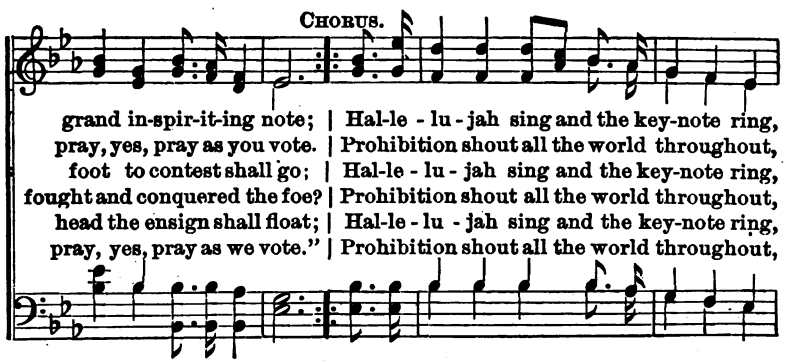
RING THE BELLS.

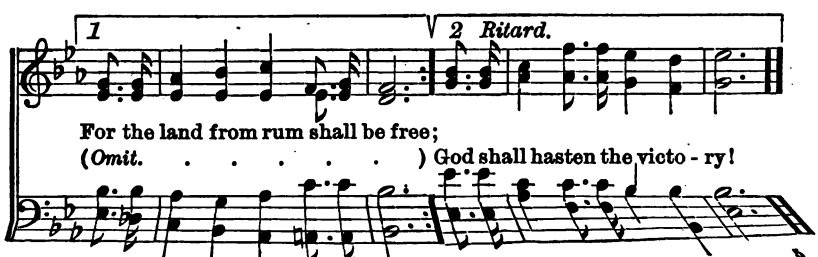


No. 3. PRAY AS YOU VOTE.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.







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No. 4. TOUCH NOT THE CUP.

W. H. Pontius.

1. Touch not the fa - tal cup, It brings dis-ease and death; A vi - per lurks with - in, That poi - sons ev - 'ry breath.
2. Touch not the sparkling wine, And think there is no harm; There's ru - in at the last, Al - though at first a charm.
3. O broth-er, turn a - side While yet your step is light; Be- ware the temp-ter's charm Which turns the day to night.
4. Ab - hor the poi-son, maids, And all who quaff the bowl, It brings but loss and pain, A with -'ring of the soul.

Chorus.

Oh, touch not! . . . Oh, taste not . . . The spark - ling bowl!

Oh, touch not! Oh, taste not, Oh, touch not! Oh, taste not The sparkling, sparkling bowl! 'Twill cost thee, my brother, Thy precious soul.

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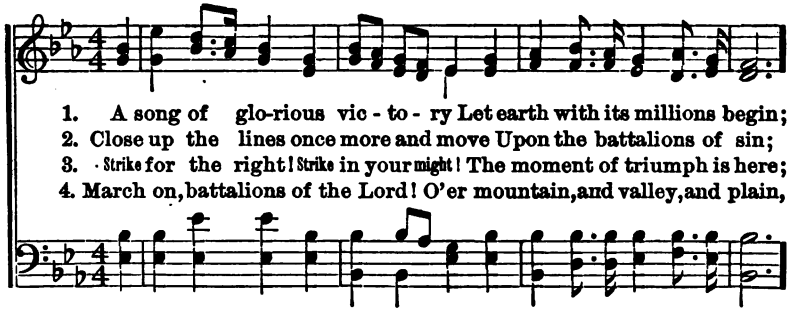
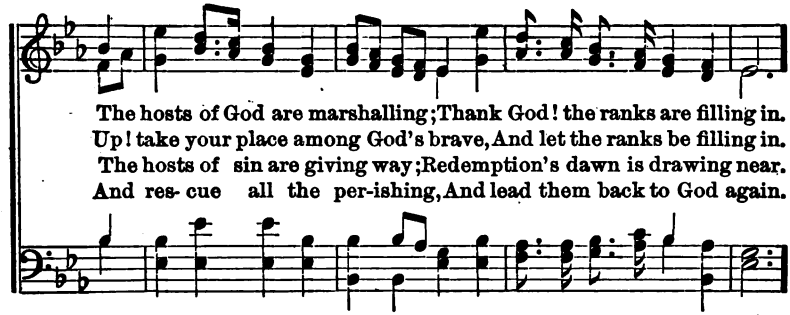
No. 5. THE RANKS ARE FILLING IN.

E. A. H. E. A. H.

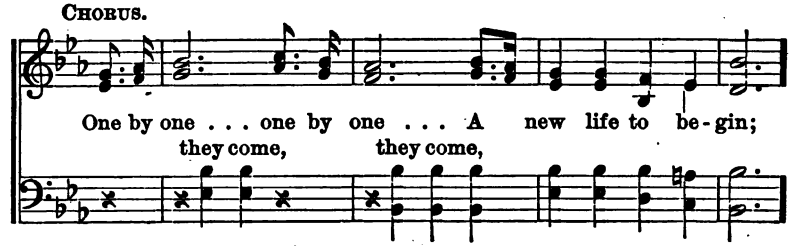


1. A song of glo-rious vic - to - ry Let earth with its millions begin;
2. Close up the lines once more and move Upon the battalions of sin;
3. Strike for the right! Strike in your might! The moment of triumph is here;
4. March on, battalions of the Lord! O'er mountain, and valley, and plain,

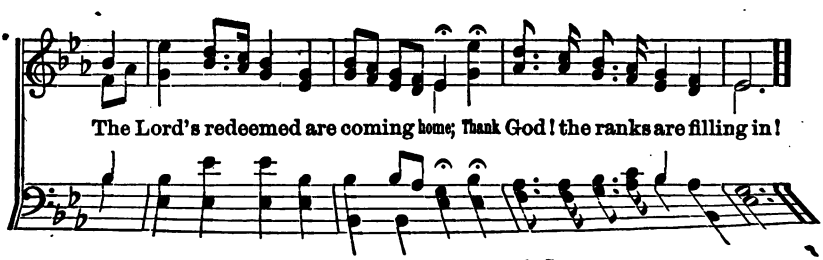


The hosts of God are marshalling; Thank God! the ranks are filling in.
Up! take your place among God's brave, And let the ranks be filling in.
The hosts of sin are giving way; Redemption's dawn is drawing near.
And res- cue all the per-ishing, And lead them back to God again.

CHORUS.



One by one . . . one by one . . . A new life to be - gin;
they come, they come,



The Lord's redeemed are coming home; Thank God! the ranks are filling in!

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No. 6. STAND BY THE HOME.

E. A. H. J. H. T.

1. 'Tis a bat-tle for the Home, And we dare not idle stand, While an
2. 'Tis a bat-tle for the Home, For its sanctity and peace, And we
3. 'Tis a bat-tle for the Home, For the children that we love, For the
4. 'Tis a bat-tle for the Home, And we pledge thereto our might, Till we

e - vil so ac-cursed Blights and des - o - lates the land. We will*
will not ground our arms Till the reign of rum shall cease. We will
land we hold so dear, For the God who reigns a-bove. We will
crush the gi - ant wrong, And en - throne the cause of right. We will

CHORUS.

Stand by the Home! Stand by the Home!
Stand by the Home! Stand by the Home!

Save it from the foe that has reign'd so long! We will
Save it from the blight of this (*Omit* . . . . .) gi - ant wrong.

NOTE. This song may be sung very effectively by having a chorus of ladies sing the 1st and 3rd verses, and a chorus of men the 2nd and 4th, all uniting in the chorus.

* *The small notes are to be sung by the male voices only.*

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No. 7. I WILL SIGN TO-NIGHT.

E. A. H. E. A. H.

ALTO SOLO.*

1. You show me a pa - per and call it a pledge, A pledge in defence of the right; You plead for the names of the men of the town, And ask me to sign it to - night. I will sign to-night, I will sign to-night, And en-roll with the champions of right! I will sign to-night, I will sign to-night, I will sign the pledge to-night.

2. Too long has the de - mon of rum cursed the land, Assailing our homes with a blight; 'Tis time we should ral - ly and all sign the pledge, And so I will sign it to - night.

3. Let by-gones be bygones,—the time has now come For all to as-sert, with their might, That this fear - ful traf-fic in e - vil shall cease; And so I will sign it to - night.

CHORUS.

yes, to-night!

* Or may be effectively sung by a Bass voice an 8va. lower.

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No. 8. KEEP WITHIN THE LINE!

JAMES L. BLACK. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. A - long the line of sol - diers, On life's great battle -ground,
2. What though the arch de - ceiv - er And all his host u - nite
3. March on, nor heed the dan - gers That lurk a - mid our way;

We hear the roy - al man -date From rank to rank re - sound;
To draw us from the con - flict, And turn us from the right;
The King's command is ur - gent, We have no time to stay;

"Take up the cross, be val - iant, Let not your strength decline!
The Lord has said, "go for - ward," Let not our zeal de - cline;
He holds a crown be - fore us, Where stars of glo - ry shine:

March on! march on with steady pace, And keep within the line!

CHORUS.

Keep, Keep, Keep within the line! Keep, Keep,

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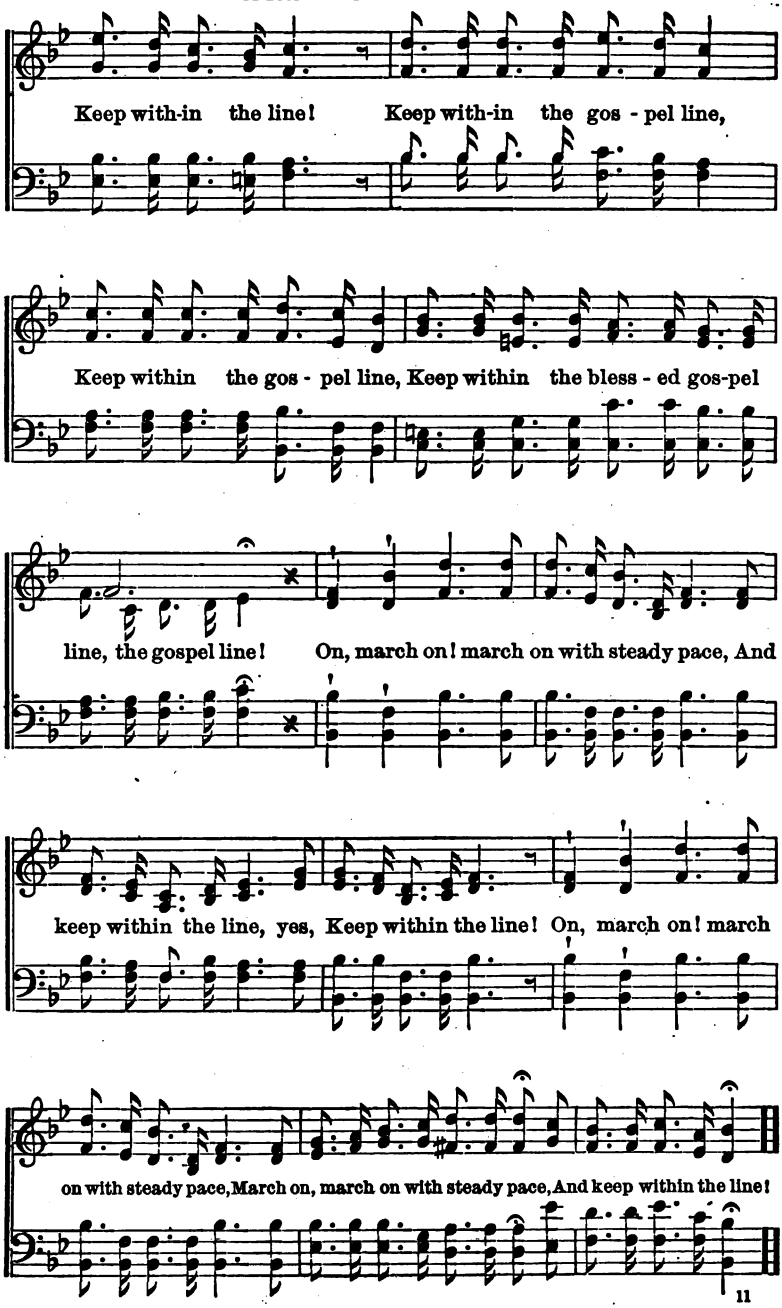
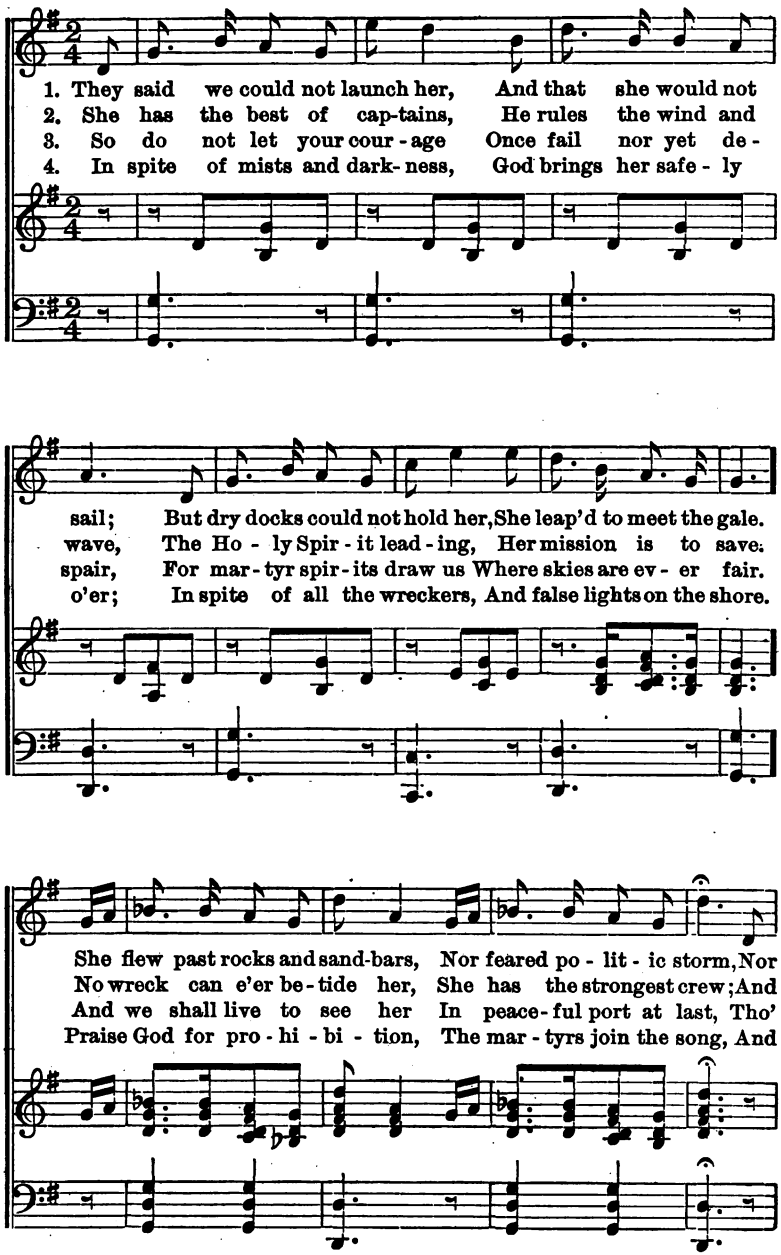
KEEP WITHIN THE LINE!



No. 9. THE PROHIBITION BARQUE.

Rev. O. E. Murray. T. J. Douthitt.



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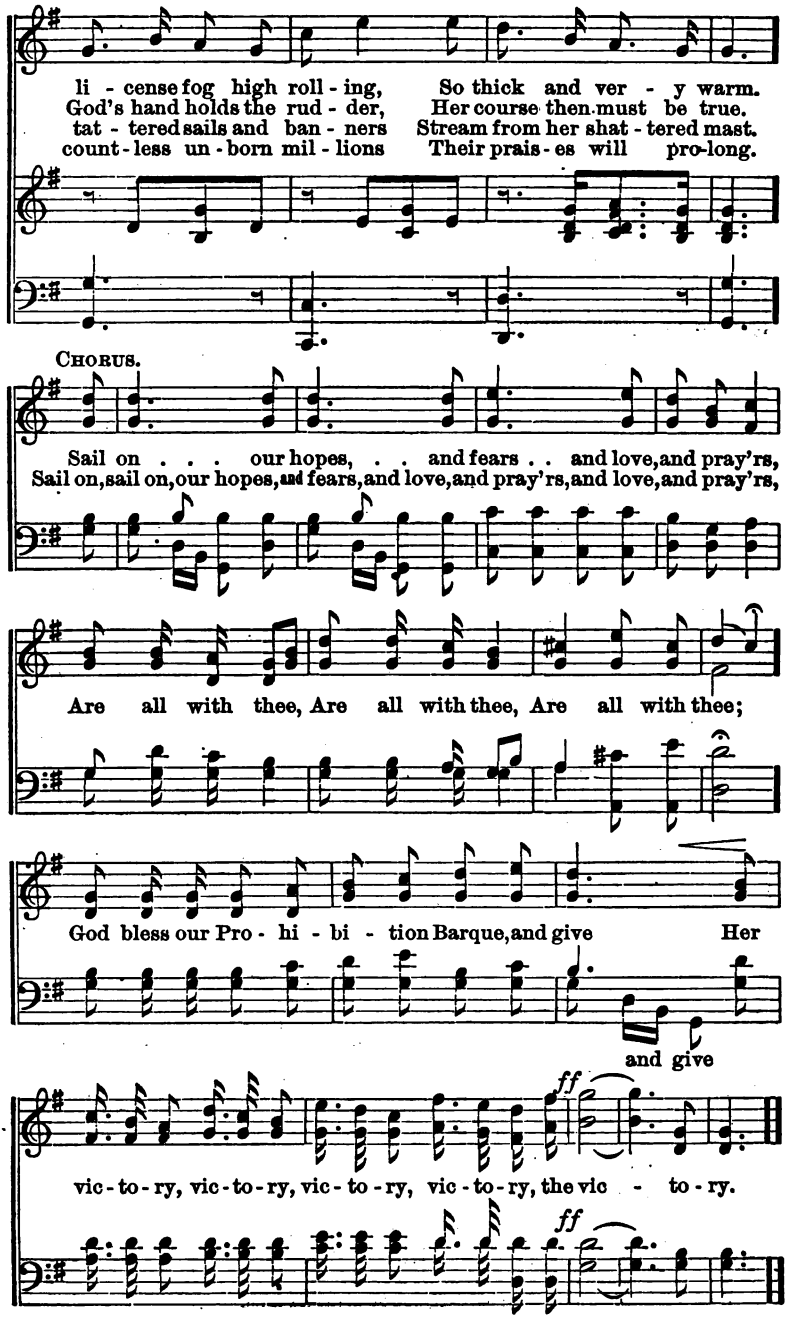
THE PROHIBITION BARQUE.



No. 10. WHY NOT SIGN TO-NIGHT?

E. A. H. S. W. STRAUB.

1. There is dan-ger in de-lay, Come and sign to-night; Sign and turn the curse a-way, Come and sign to-night.
2. Cast a-way the tempting bowl, Come and sign to-night; Break the fet-ters from your soul, Come and sign to-night.
3. For the sake of those you love, Come and sign to-night; Trusting in the God a-bove, Come and sign to-night.
4. If you would a-gain be free, Come and sign to-night; Would you have your lib-er-ty? Come and sign to-night.
5. Rise in all your manhood's strength, Come and sign to-night; Break your sla-ver-y at length, Come and sign to-night.

CHORUS.

Why not sign to-night, brother? Why not sign to-night? to-night O,

Do not wait an-oth-er hour, Come and sign to-night.

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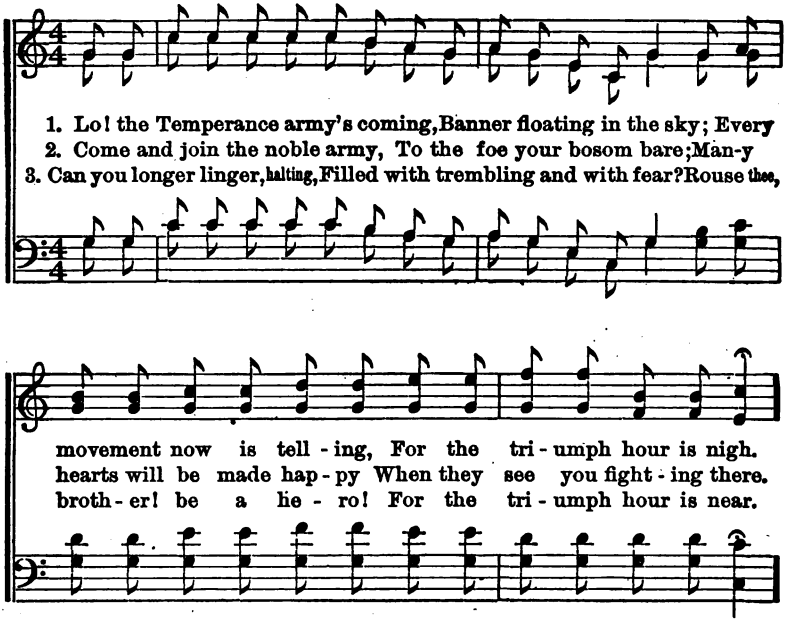
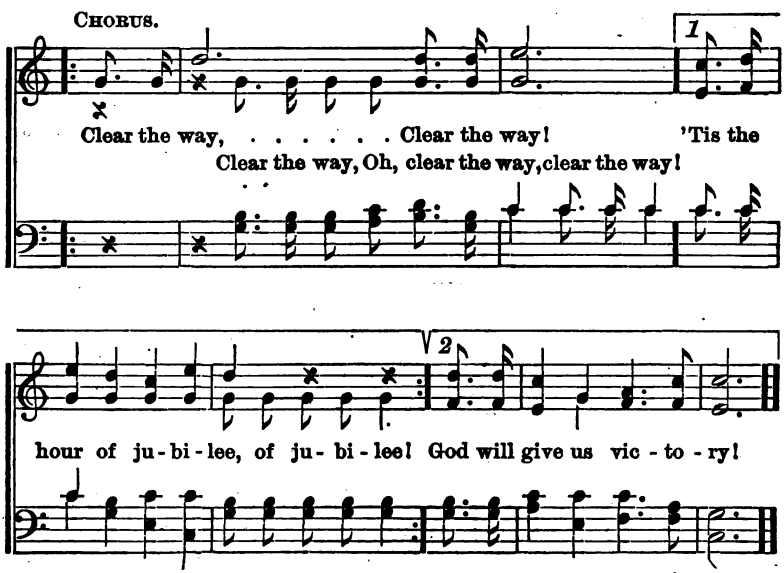
No. 11. CLEAR THE WAY.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. T.





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No. 12. THREE CHEERS FOR THE TEMPERANCE ARMY!

E. A. H. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Three cheers for the Temp'rance Ar - my! For the sol - diers, true and
2. Three cheers for the Temp'rance Ar - my, As it proud - ly marches
3. Three cheers for the Temp'rance Ar - my! We are bound to win the

brave, Who are marching forth, in sol - id rank, The land from drink to
on With a firm re - solve to smite the foe Un - til the field is
day; For the hosts of sin are break-ing ranks, And slow-ly giv - ing

save! The God of hosts is with them, And pledges vic - to - ry, And the
won! The fight is growing hot - ter; We press the en - e - my; And the
way; A lit - tle more of con - flict, And then the vic-to - ry; For the

air is full of the loud huz-zas Of the loy - al and the free.

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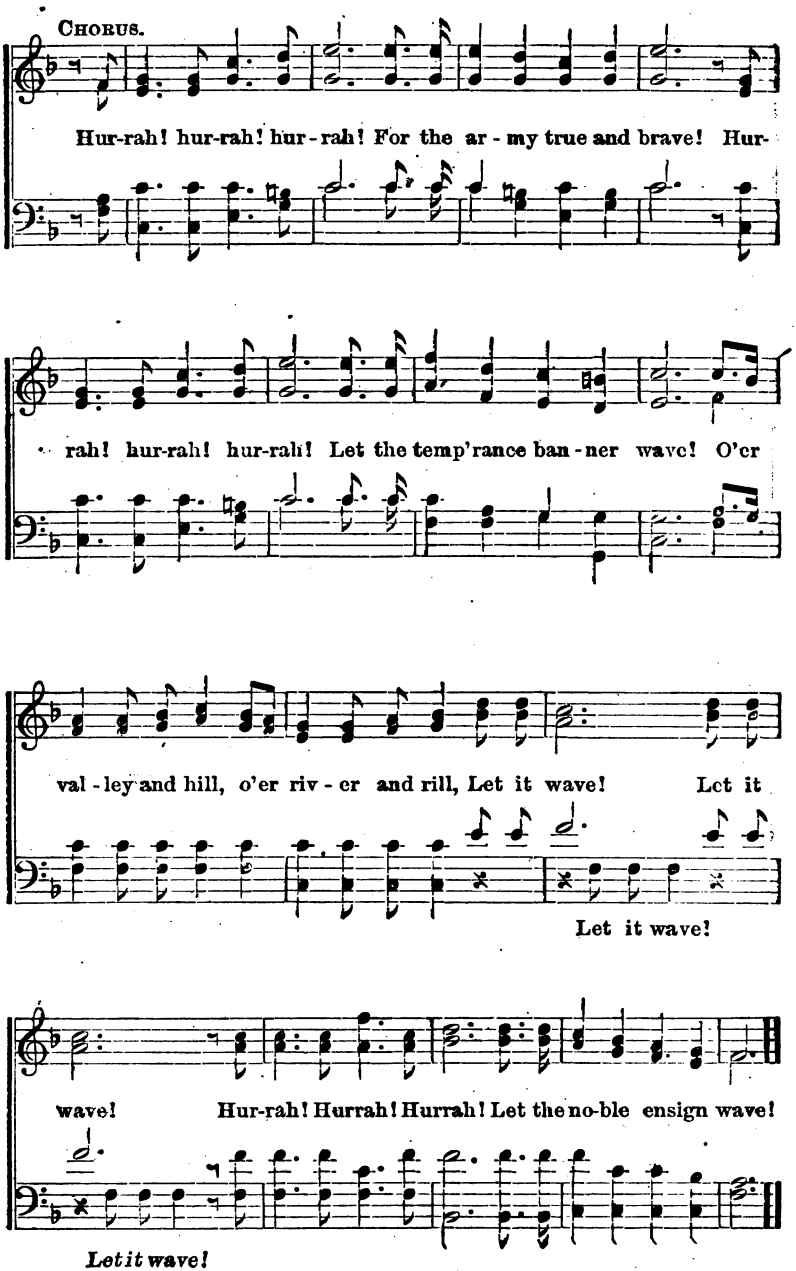
THREE CHEERS FOR THE TEMPERANCE ARMY!



No. 13. PULL TOGETHER.

E. A. H. J. H. T.

1. There's a ver - y migh - ty work to be wrought;
2. Let us ral - ly from the mountain and the glen,
3. 'Tis a mot - to old, "In un - ion there is strength,"

There's a ver - y sub - tle foe to be fought;
Let us ral - ly till we count a mil - lion men,
And the temp'rance peo - ple should u - nite at length;

'Tis the people's grand crusade 'gainst the cit - a - del of sin,
Go - ing forth in sol - id rank 'mid the bat - tle-smoke and din,
We must move in lines well-closed on the bat - tle-ments of sin,

And we all must pull to-geth-er if we hope to win.
For we all must pull to-geth-er if we hope to win.
For we all must pull to-geth-er if we hope to win.

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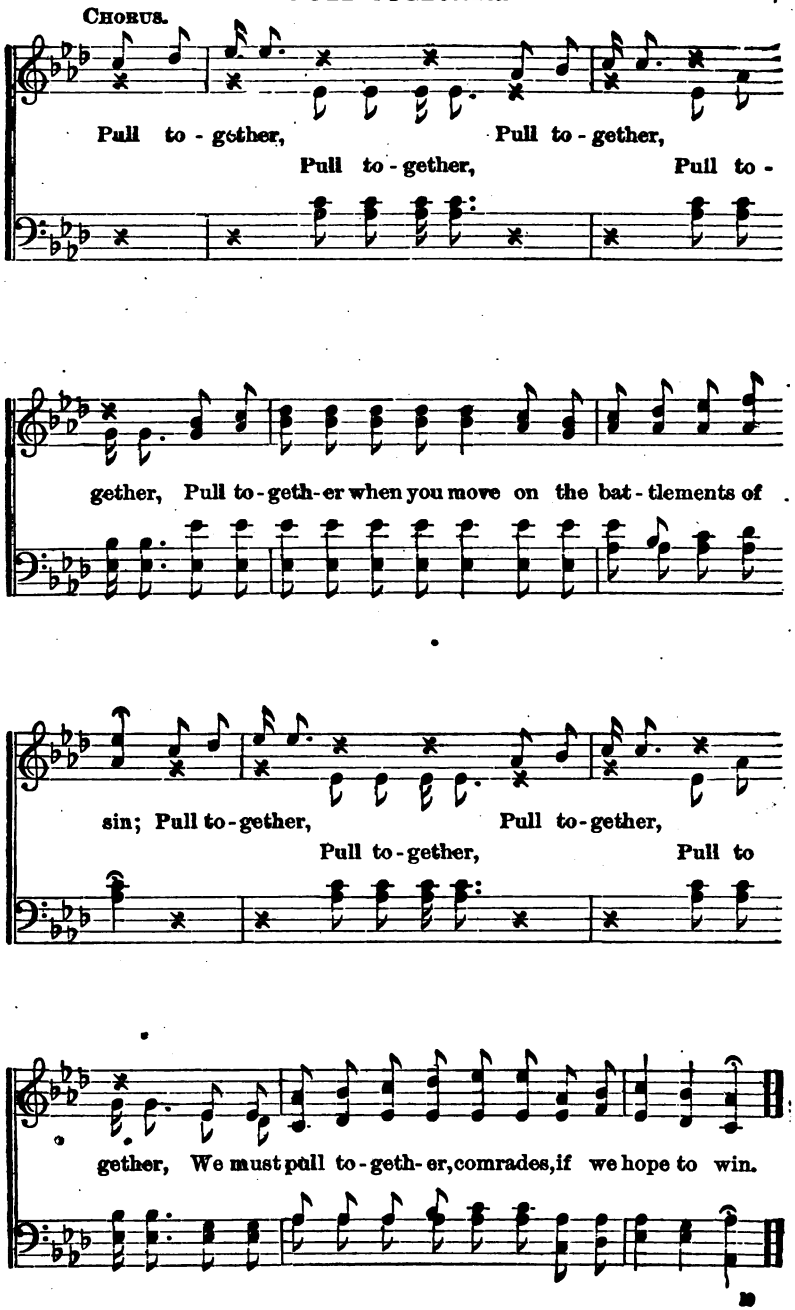
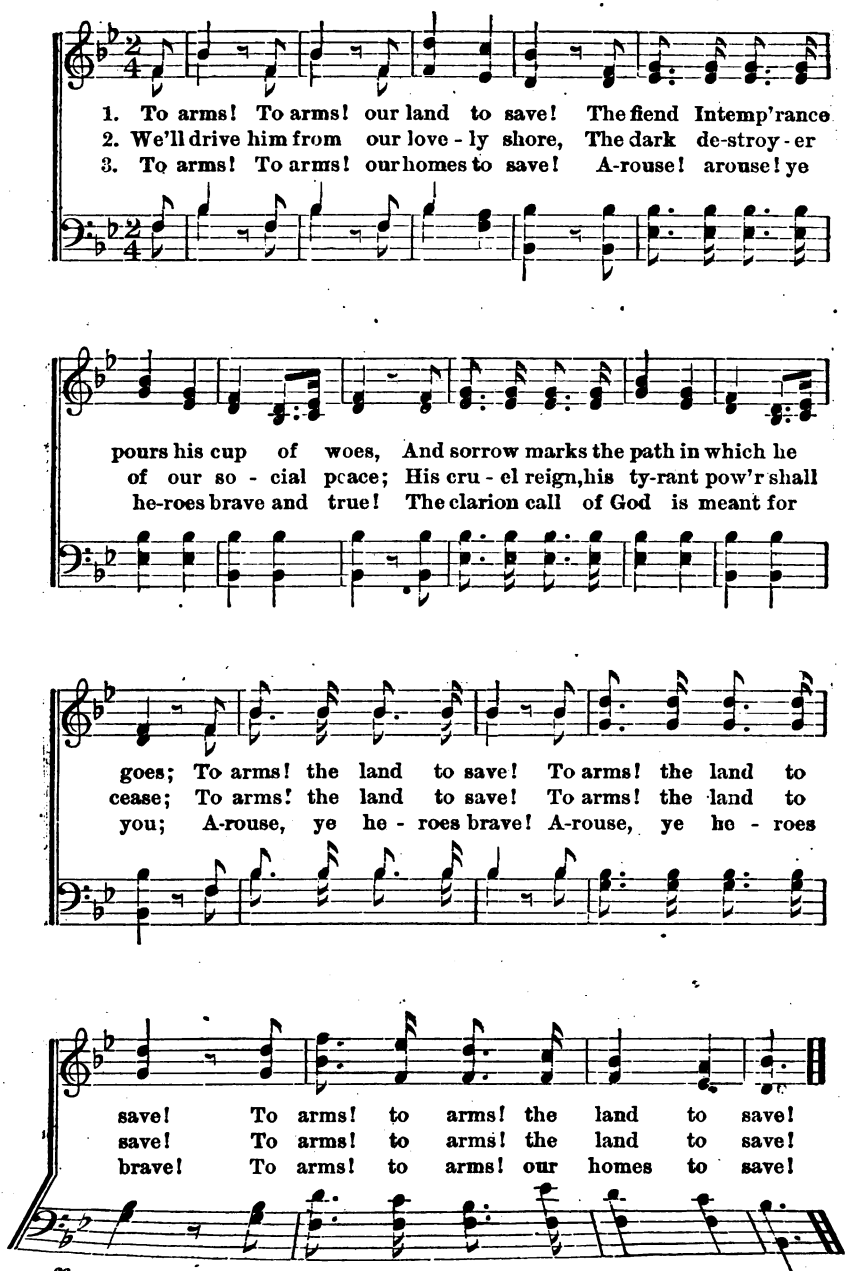
PULL TOGETHER.



No. 14. TO ARMS.

Dr. G. F. Root.



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No. 15. WHO WILL BE A STANDARD BEARER?

E. A. Hoffman. Chas. Edw. Prior.

1. Who will be a standard bear- er? Who? who? who? Who will be a
2. Who will bear the banner forward? Who? who? who? Who will bear the
3. Who will carry forth the standard? Who? who? who? Who will carry

standard bearer? Friend, will you? 'Gainst the traffic so ap - pall-ing,
banner forward? Friend, will you? Who among our steady yeomen,
forth the standard? Friend, will you? See the ar-my swift ad-vanc-ing,

God for vol - un - teers is call-ing; Oh, enlist, ye brave and true!
Will go forth to meet the foemen? Oh, enlist, ye brave and true!
Falt'ring not, nor rearward glancing; Oh, enlist, ye brave and true!

Chorus.

God wants you! He is calling now for you, Oh, enlist ye brave and true!

Who, oh, who, will vol - un - teer? Friend, will you?

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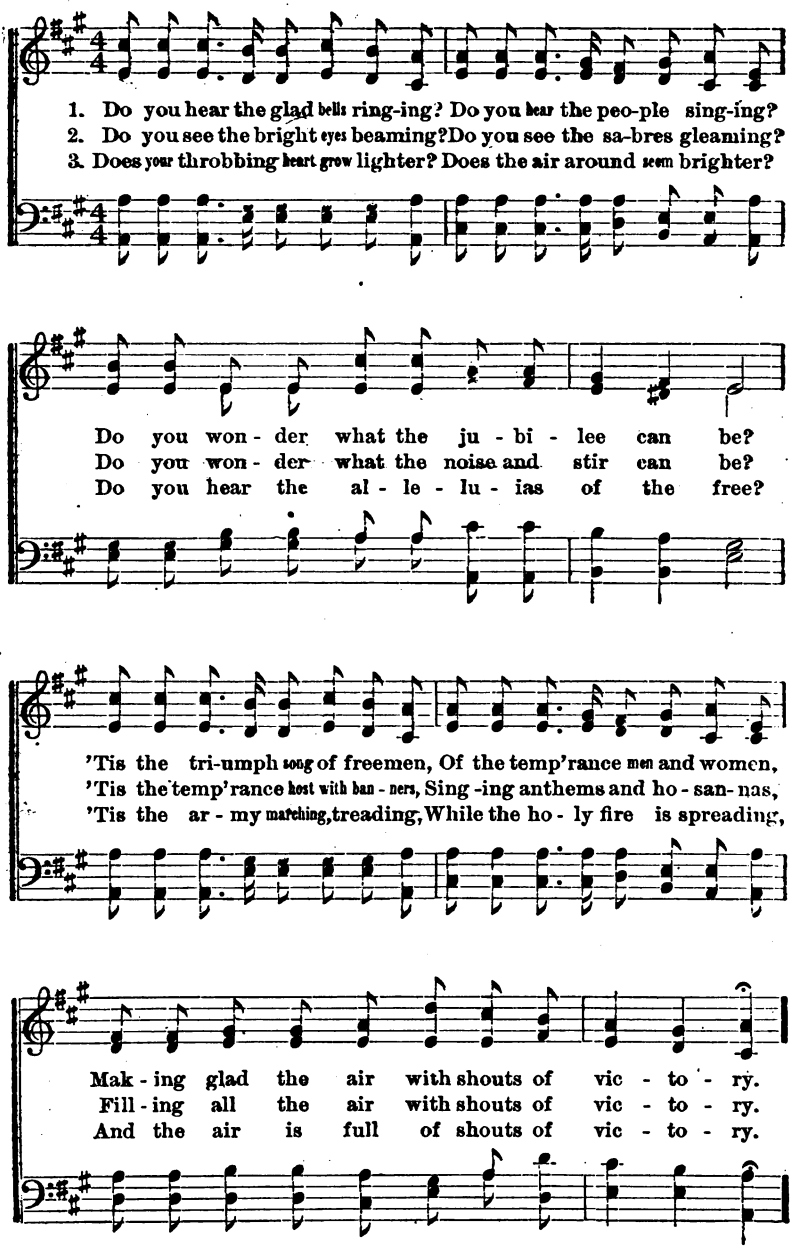
No. 16. THE TEMPERANCE JUBILEE.

E. A. H. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



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THE TEMPERANCE JUBILEE.

CHORUS.

O the bells! . . . . . Their music swells O - ver

The ju - bi - lant bells! Their mu-sic swells

O the bells! . . . . . Their music swells O - ver

The ju - bi - lant bells! Their mu-sic swells

land . . . . . and o - ver sea; 'Tis the

The beau-ti - ful land, And o - ver the sea,

land . . . . . and o - ver sea; 'Tis the

The beau-ti - ful land, And o - ver the sea,

song . . . . . of vic - to - ry.

The triumph song of vic - to - ry, 'Tis the

song . . . . . of vic - to - ry.

The triumph song of vic - to - ry,

an - them of the Tem - p'rance Ju - bi - lee.

No. 17. I'LL SWING INTO LINE.

E. A. H. J. H. T.

1. I'll swing in - to line when you get a lit - tle further, When you
2. I know it would help you and make your army stronger, And I'll

ad lib.

get a lit - tle fur - ther I will see; (I will see;) I'll
think the mat - ter o - ver, I will see; (I will see;) But

a tempo.

swing in - to line when you get a lit - tle fur - ther, When you
if you'll excuse me, I'll wait a lit - tle lon - ger; When you

get a lit - tle fur - ther you can count on me.
get a lit - tle fur - ther you can count on me.

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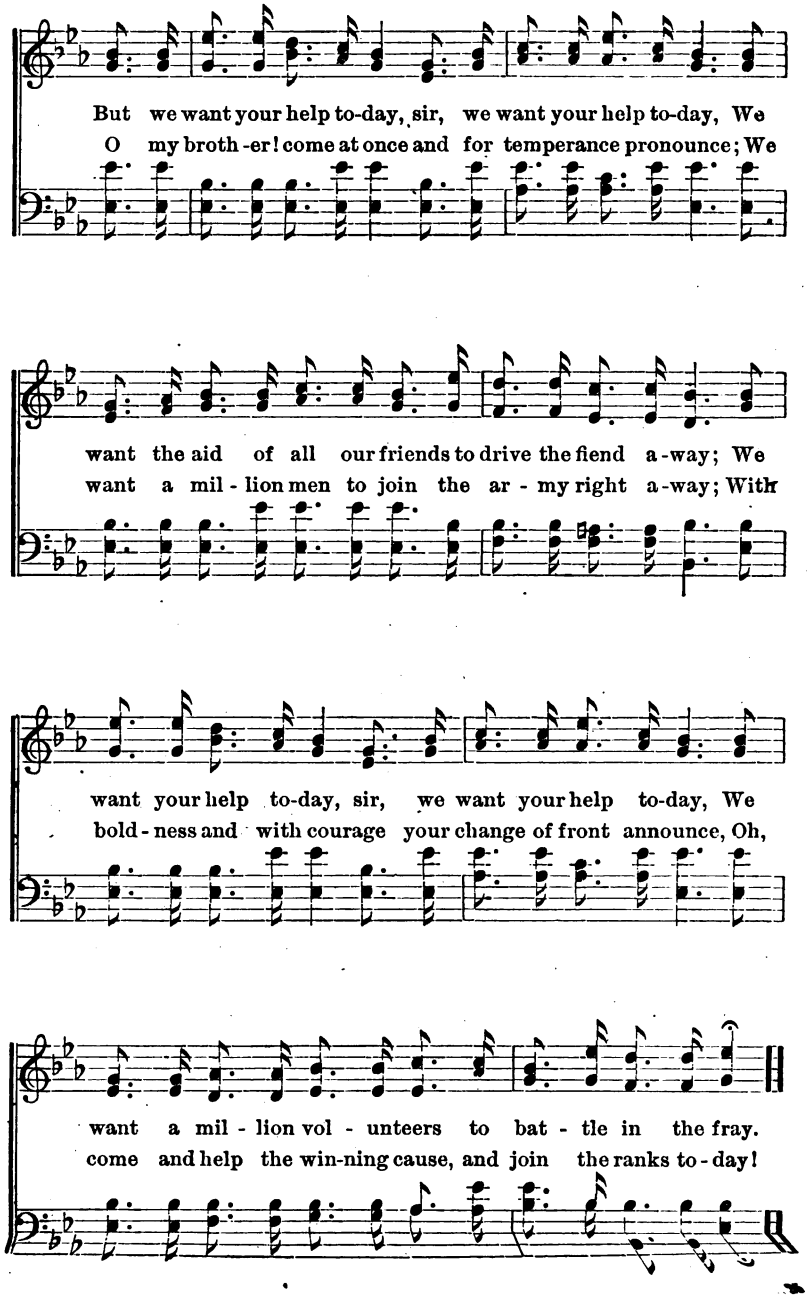
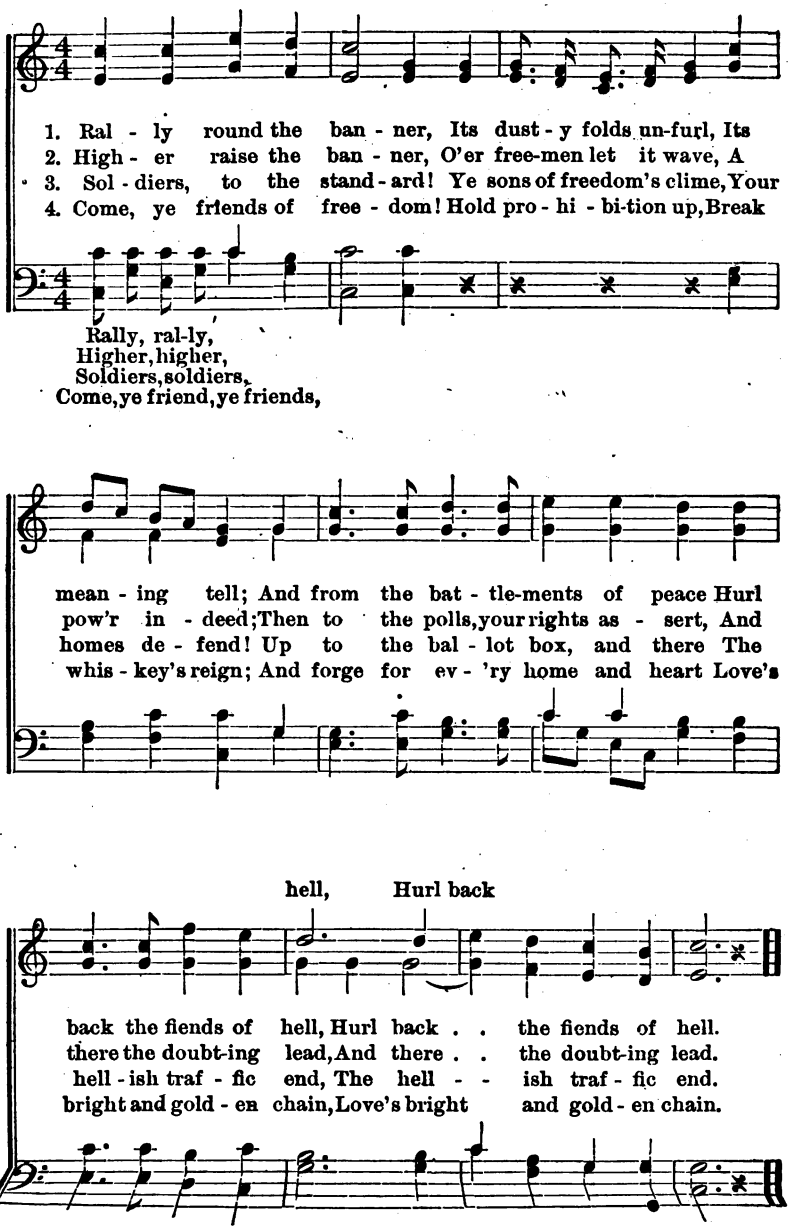
I'LL SWING INTO LINE.

RESPONSE CHORUS.



No. 18. RALLY ROUND THE BANNER.

J. L. FITZGERALD.



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No. 19. ONWARD GO!

E. A. H. J. H. TENNEY.

1. God has spo - ken the conq'ring word, Onward go! on - ward go!
2. Trust the promise that can - not fail, Onward go! on - ward go!
3. 'Gainst the walls of this Jer - i - cho, Onward go! on - ward go!

He is a shield and a two-edg'd sword, On - ward, onward go!
Ours is the standard that must pre- vail, On - ward, onward go!
They shall be trampled in dust be - low, On - ward, onward go!

The kingdom of darkness has craft and gold, And millions upon its long
The kingdom of darkness has greed and might; It comes to destroy as a
The kingdom of darkness has wrought a mine Beneath ev'ry home and its

lists enroll'd; Soldiers of Christ! let your hearts be bold, Fearlessly onward go!
flood by night; Let not its power thy soul affright, Fear-less-ly onward go!
hallow'd shrine, Cursing the land with the blood-red wine, Fearlessly onward go!

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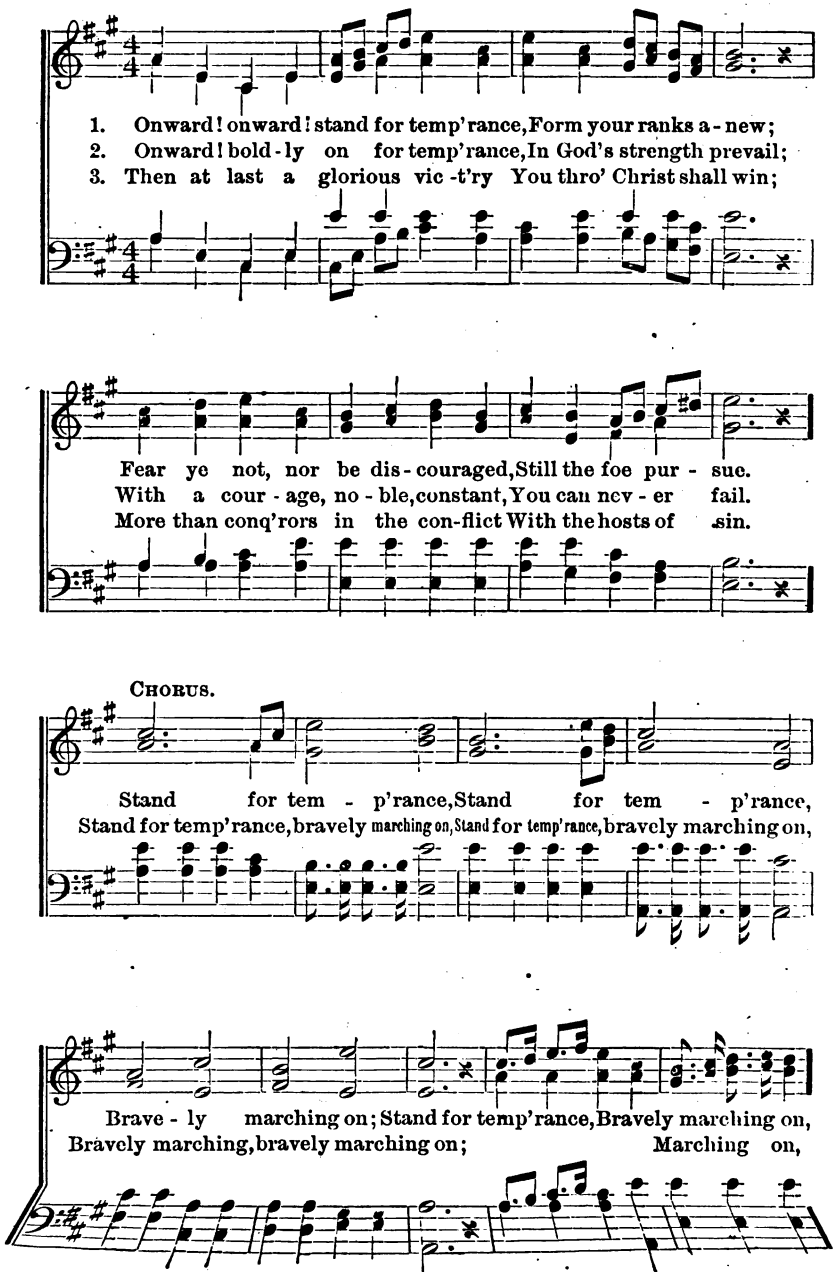
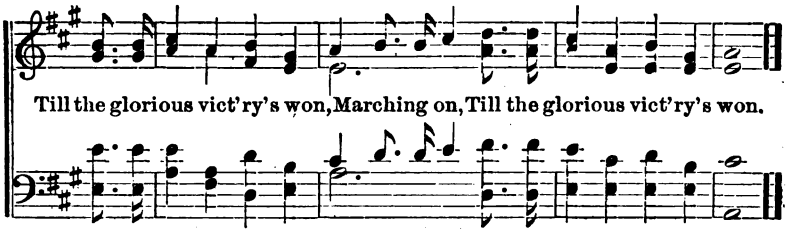
No. 20. BRAVELY MARCHING ON.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. Tenney.



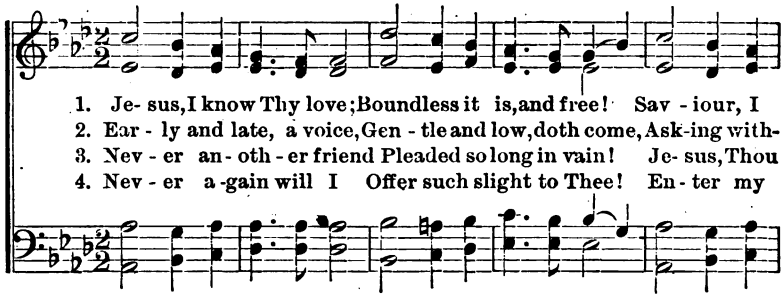
From "The Temperance Harp," by per.

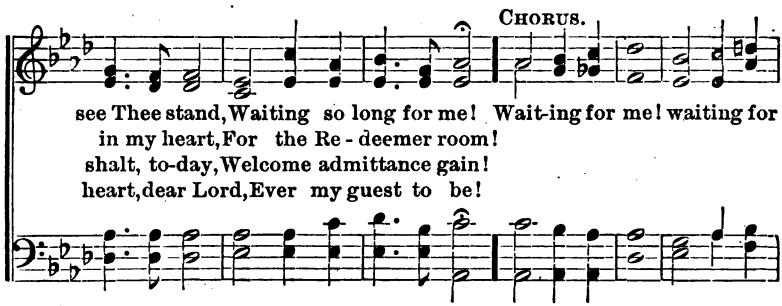
BRAVELY MARCHING ON.

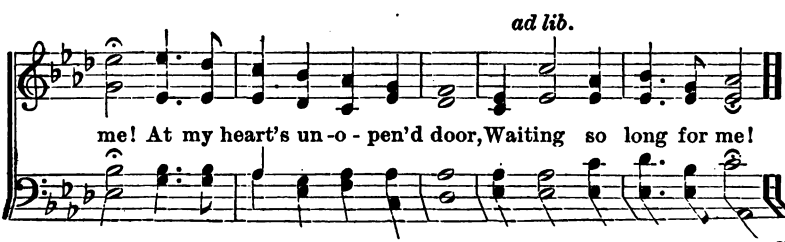


No. 21. WAITING SO LONG FOR ME.

E. R. Latta. J. H. T.







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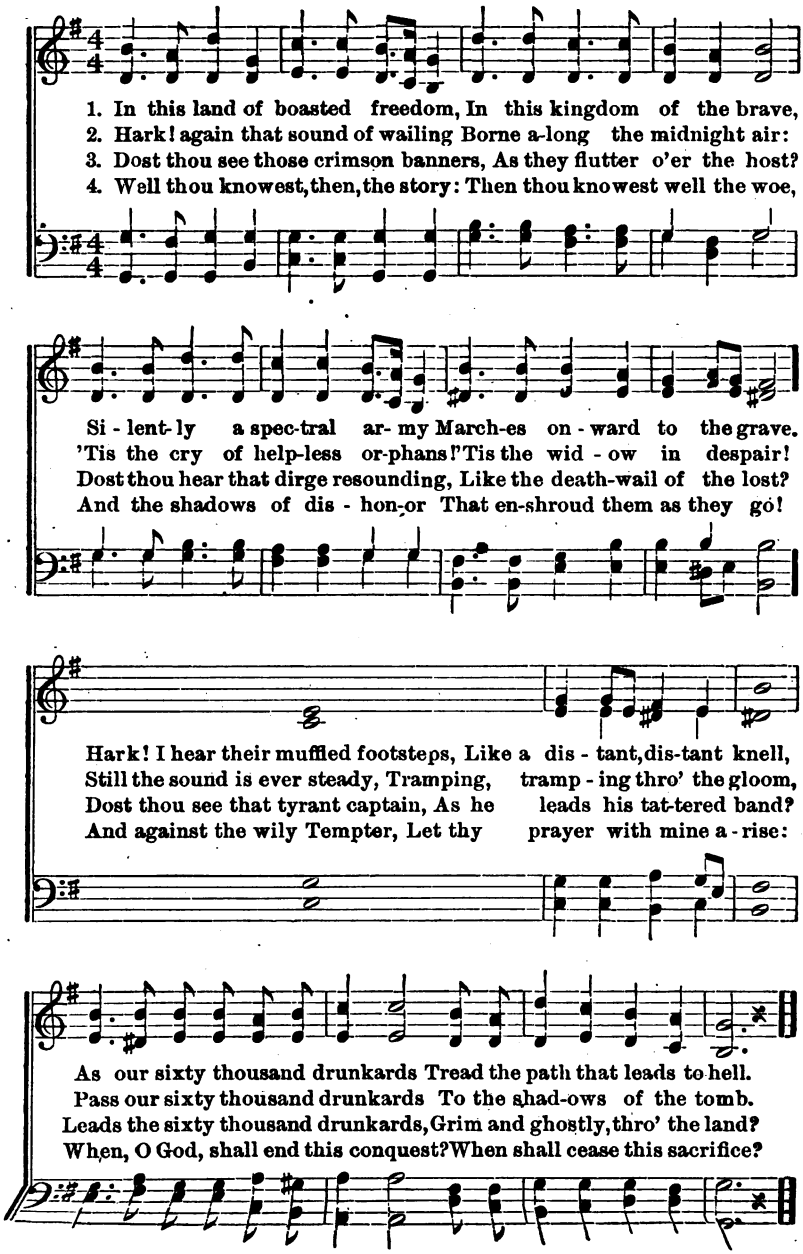
No. 22. THE SIXTY THOUSAND.

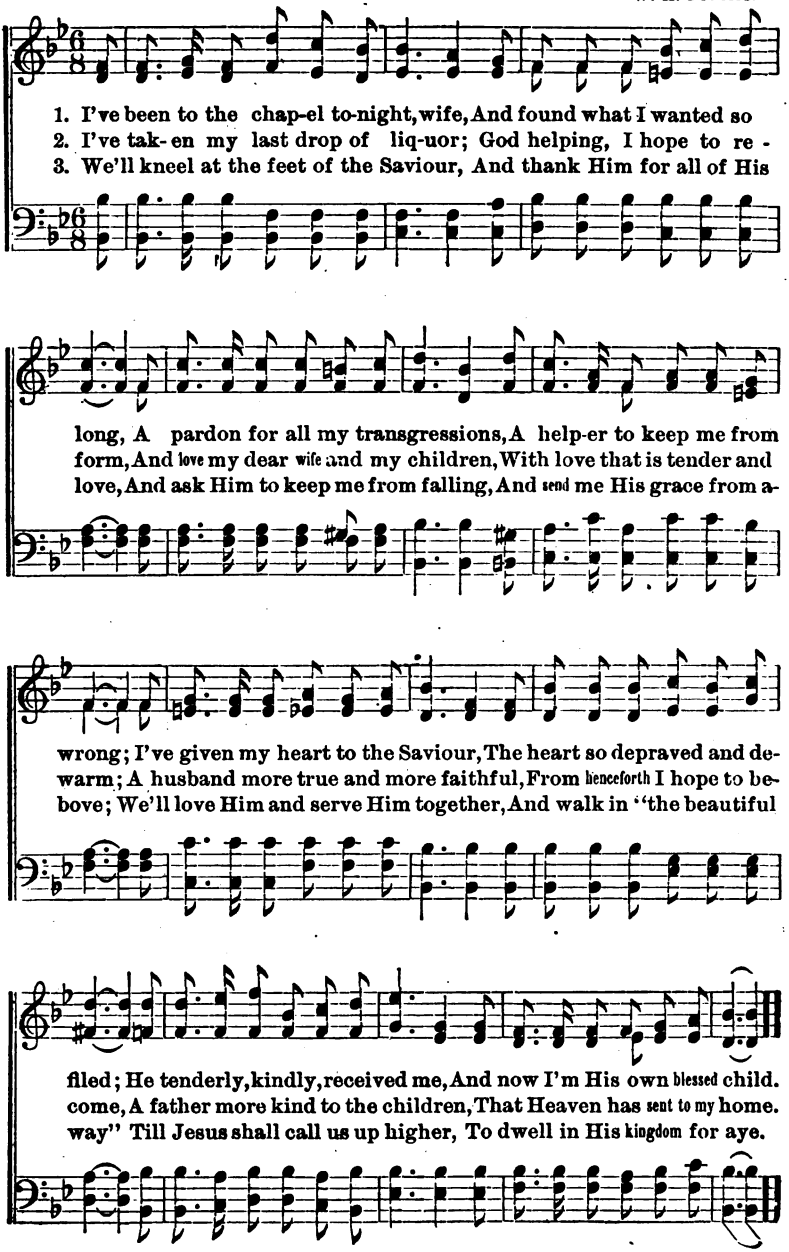
EVA L. EMERY. GEORGE BAKER.



From "S. S. TRIBUTE," by per.

No. 23. I'VE TAKEN THE LAST DROP.

W. H. Fontius.



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No. 24. SAVE THE BOY!

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. W. W. Bentley.

1. Once he was so light and fair, Glad, and light and free, Fill'd my soul with peace and joy; Life was dear to me; But he took the fa-tal glass, 'Twas a fleeting joy, Drank, and lo, the hand of death
2. Once he was so brave and true, Shun'd the tempter's pow'r; Once for right he firm - ly stood, Till that dreadful hour. Bright and sparkling was the cup, Seem'd without alloy, Fair the hand that captive led
3. Once he was my only hope, Source of joy and pride, Then I thought that love might clasp, Hold him to my side; But to - day my boy forsakes Home with all its joy, Far in sin he's wandering now,
4. Tell him though he's wandered far, Love can never die, Lives in hopes of his re - turn, Looks with pa-tient eye. Loving hearts have pleaded long, Pray'd for light and joy, Keeping still a welcome there

Chorus.

Grasp'd my darling boy. Save the boy! Save the boy! Heav'n will ring with joy; Loving hearts are pleading now, Save, oh, save the boy!
My poor wandering boy!
Save, oh, save my boy!
For the wandering boy.

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No. 25. HURRAH! THE VICTORY IS WON!

E. A. H. E. A. H.

1. Let us join our voic - es in a loud tri - um-phant song,
2. Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! we have tri-umph'd for the right!
3. Sound a - loud the toc - sin, let the peo - ple all re - joice!

Earth will soon be ran-somed from this gi - ant curse and wrong;
Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! God has help'd us in the fight!
Let them laud Je - ho - vah, ev - ery hu - man heart and voice!

Send the proc - la - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill a - long,
Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! how the skies are grow - ing bright!
Let them sing the glo - ry in an an - them grand and choice!

Send the proc - la - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill a - long,

FINE. CHORUS.

Praise God! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Hur-rah! hur - rah! the

Praise God! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

D. S.

vic - to - ry is won! Hurrah! hurrah! the glo - ry is begun!

From "TEMPERANCE SONGS", by per.

No. 26. WINNING THE DAY.

CHARLOTTE MURRAY. ATT. W. S. MARTIN.

1. Christian, the bu - gle of war-fare resounds, Calling thee forth to
2. "Chosen and called"—O un-speak- a - ble joy! Called to forsake the
3. Thou must up-hold it, the en - sign of peace, Looking to Him for

help in the strife, Bidding thee brave-ly stand up for the right,
ranks of the world; Chosen for Je - sus, His sol - dier to be,
help in the fray; Nothing must make thee relinquish thy sword;

CHORUS.

Leaving behind thee the fol-lies of life. On, brave-ly
See, ev - en now is His ban - ner unfurled. On, brother, on,
Always look forward to winning the day.

on in the fray! On, ... brave-ly on, win the day! On, . .
On, looking forward to winning the day! On, thou shalt

thou shalt conquer, bravely on, and look forward to winning the day.
conquer, the foe must give way,

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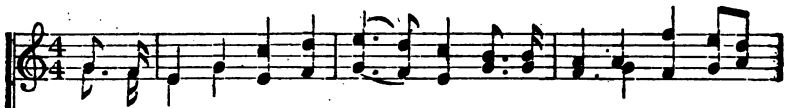
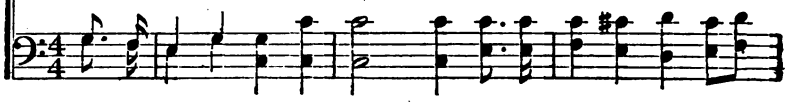
No. 27. DEATH OR VICTORY!

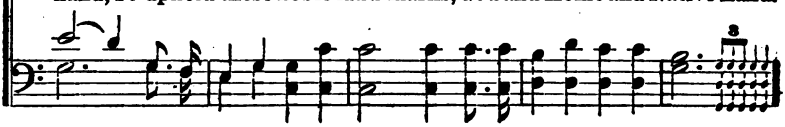
EDGAR A. HOLME. J. H. T.



1. Hark! the tramp of coming ar - mies, From the hill - top, from the
2. These are brave men, these are true men, Ready e'er to dare and
3. In the strength of Christ, the Sav - iour, They have taken sword in

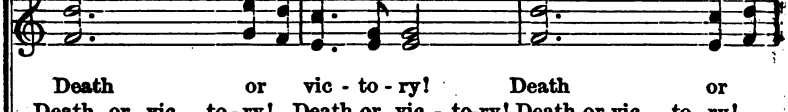


plain, Gath'ring into strong battalions, Singing loud this bold refrain:
do, Willing to defend home-al- tars, And to die for freedom, too.
hand, To uphold these noble land-marks, God and Home and Native Land.



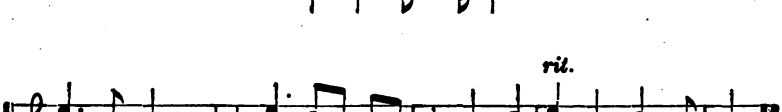
CHORUS.

Death or vic - to - ry! Death or
Death or vic - to-ry! Death or vic - to-ry! Death or vic - to-ry!



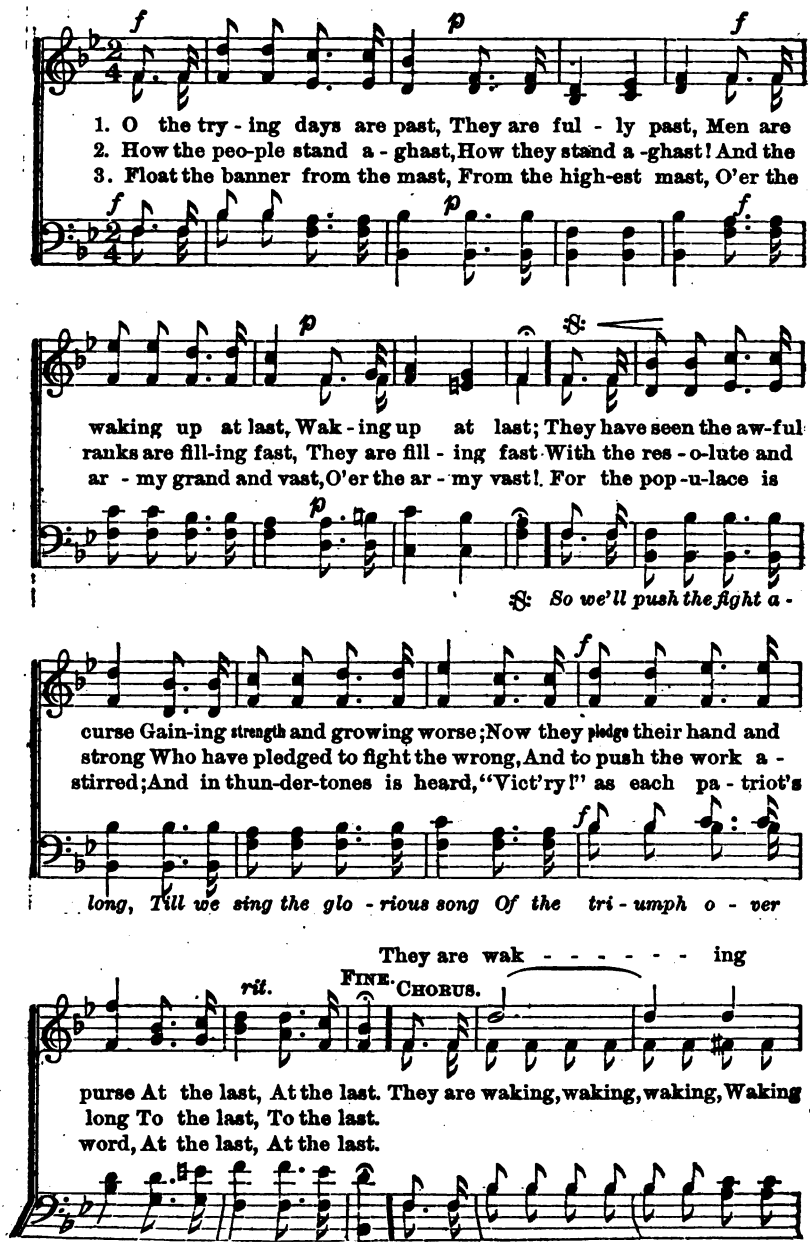
rit.

vic- to - ry! This our watchword e'er shall be, Death or vic - to - ry!
Death or vic-to-ry!



No. 28. WAKING UP AT LAST.

EDGAR A. HOLME. J. H. T.



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WAKING UP AT LAST.

up at last, They are form - - - - ing In an ar - my vast.

D.S.

up at last, They are forming, forming, forming In an ar - my vast.

No. 29. TASTE NOT THE WINE.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

FINE.

1. Taste not the wine, the ru - by wine, The fruit of vintage fair;
2. Bright, smiling lips the cup may sip, Fair hands may of-fer thee;

D.C. *Its end is death, e - ter - nal death; Oh, shun the fa - tal bowl!*

A deadly ser - pent lurks within, Oh, shun the tempter's snare!
Its venom'd sting will sorrow bring; Oh, flee the tempter, flee!

CHORUS.

D.C.

Touch not the cup, the sparkling cup! 'Tis poi - son to the soul!

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No. 30. FORWARD GO!

E. A. H. J. H. T.

1. For - ward, for-ward, friends of Je - sus! Clear the way! Tri - umph rings on all the breez - es;
2. On - ward go, the right de - fend-ing, To the fray! On - ward, and on God de - pend - ing,
3. On - ward, for - ward, un - to bat - tle! To the fray! Let the grape and shrap - nel rat - tle,

Clear the way, clear the way!
To the fray, to the fray!

To the fray! O'er the mountain tops ap - pear - ing Gleams the ban - ner bright and cheer - ing,
Clear the way! From the throne the Lord has spok - en, And His scep - tre is the to - ken
Clear the way! O'er the field of wounded, bleed - ing, Noth - ing daunt - ed, noth - ing heed - ing,

To the fray, to the fray!
Clear the way, clear the way!

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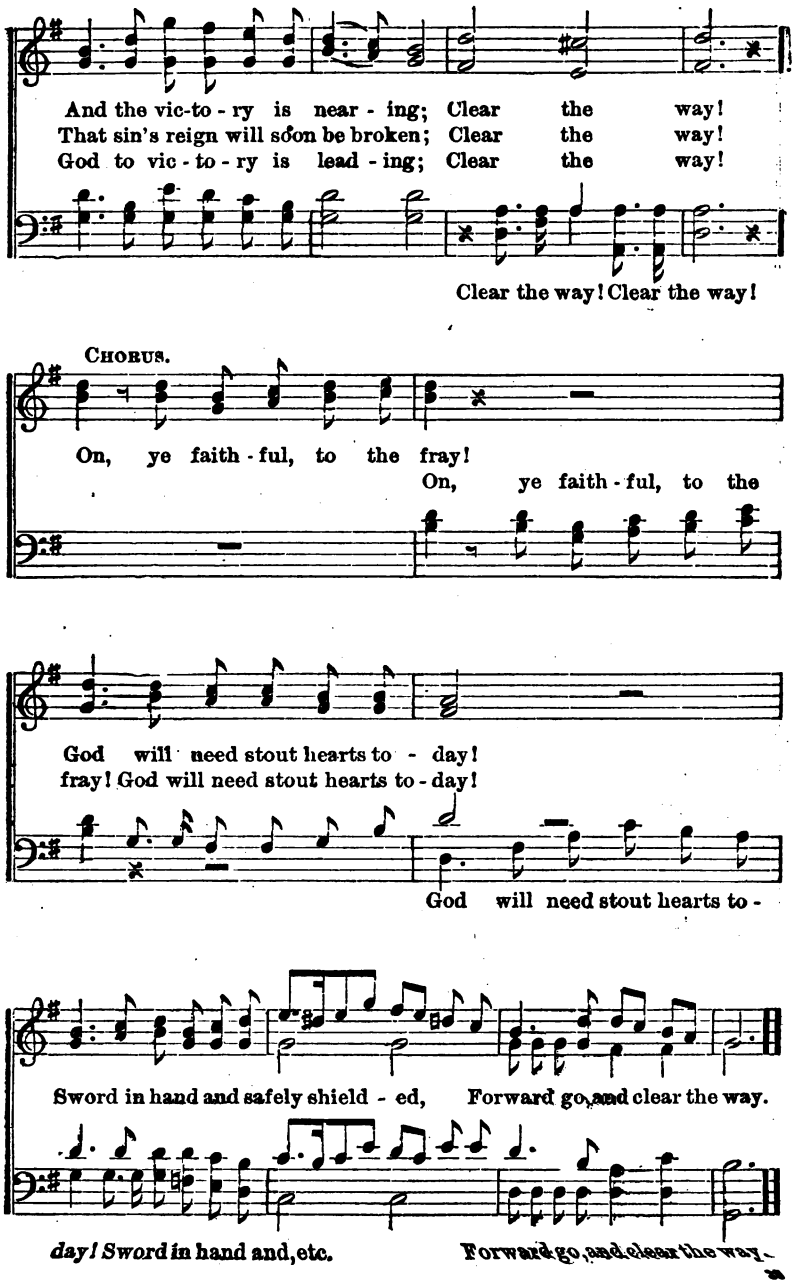
FORWARD GO!


And the vic-to - ry is near - ing; Clear the way!
That sin's reign will soon be broken; Clear the way!
God to vic - to - ry is lead - ing; Clear the way!
Clear the way! Clear the way!
CHORUS.
On, ye faith - ful, to the fray!
On, ye faith - ful, to the
God will need stout hearts to - day!
fray! God will need stout hearts to - day!
God will need stout hearts to -
Sword in hand and safely shield - ed, Forward go, and clear the way.
day! Sword in hand and, etc.
Forward go, and clear the way.

No. 31. COURAGE! FELLOW-PILGRIM.

E. A. WALKER. J. H. T.

1. Cour-age! fel - low-pil - grim, Tho' the path be rough,
2. Cour-age! fel - low-trav - 'ler, O - ver life's rough sea,
3. Cour-age! fel - low-suf - f'rer, Tho' the pain be sharp,

CHO. - Cour - age! fel - low - pil - grim, Tho' the path be rough,

FINE.

Je - sus is thy lead - er; Is not that e - nough?
Je - sus in the ves - sel, Pi - lot true will be;
Je - sus knows its an - guish, Je - sus felt its smart.

Je - sus is thy lead - er, Is not that e - nough?

Tho' the way be thorn - y, Des - o - late and drear;
He will bid the bil - lows Sink in - to a calm,
He can still its throb - bing, He can say "De - part,"

D.C. Cho. to fine.

Je - sus will up - hold thee, He is ev - er near.
He will in the ha - vens, Shel-ter thee from harm.
Strengthen thee in weak - ness, An - i - mate thy heart.

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No. 32. RALLY FOR THE RIGHT!

E. A. H. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Sol-diers recruiting in the ranks of the Lord, Fall in - to line!
2. There is a bat-tle to be fought for the Right, Fall in - to line!
3. Ear-nest the conflict, needing brave men and strong, Fall in - to line!

Fall in - to line! Gird on the ar-mor, both the shield and the sword,
Fall in - to line! And we can win it if we strike in our might,
Fall in - to line! We will not fal-ter though the struggle be long,

Chorus.

Fall in - to line! Fall in - to line! Ral-ly then! ral - ly then!

Ral-ly for the right! God needs the brave and true,

God needs the true! then

Ral-ly then! ral-ly then! Ral-ly in your might! God is calling you!

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No. 33. THE SHIP OF TEMPERANCE.

Words arr. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Take cour - age, temp'rance work - ers! You shall not suf - fer
2. Sail on! sail on! deep freight - ed With blessings and with
3. Be brave! your work is ho - ly, God's er-rands nev - er

wreck While fer-vent pray'rs to Is - rael's God Are ringing from your
hopes; The good of ev - 'ry land and clime Are pulling on your
fail! Sweep, on the storm and sun-shine thro', The thunder and the

deck; Wait hope-ful, temp'rance work - ers! For day - light and for
ropes. Be - hind you ho - ly mar - tyrs Up - lift the palm and
hail! Work on! sail on! in tri - umph; The port you yet shall

land; The breath of God is in your sail, Your rudder in His hand.
crown; Be-fore you un- born a - ges send Their ben-e - dic-tions down.
win, And all the bells of God shall ring The ship of Temperance in.

CHORUS.

Work on! Work on! The port you soon shall win! And
Work on! Work on!

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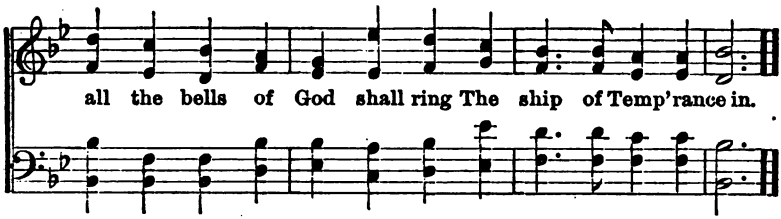
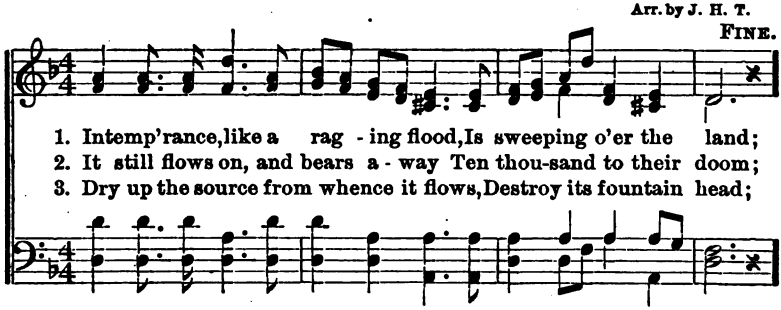
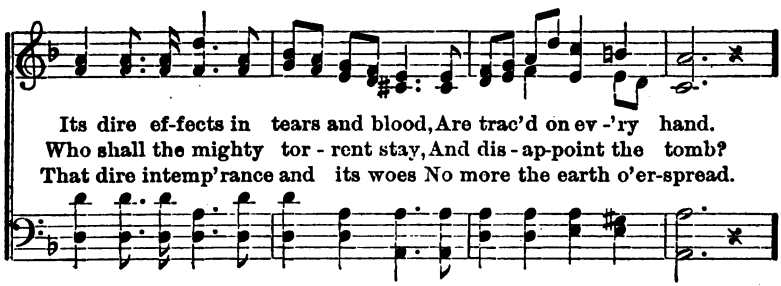


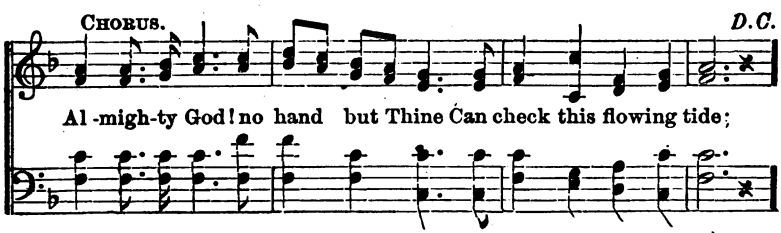
No. 34. INTEMPERANCE, LIKE A RAGING FLOOD.

Arr. by J. H. T.



D.C.—*Stretch out Thine arm of pow'r di - vine, And bid the flood sub-side.*





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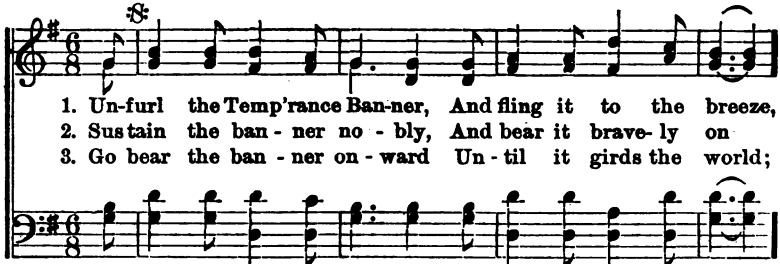
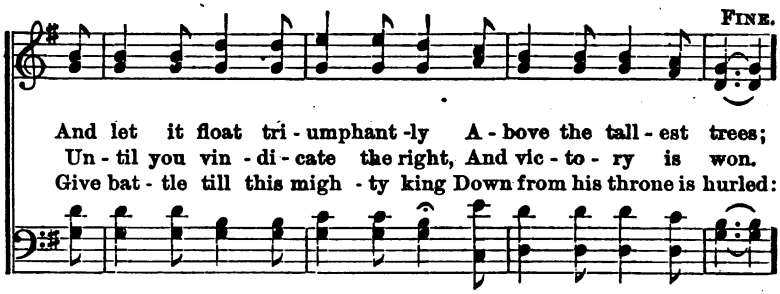
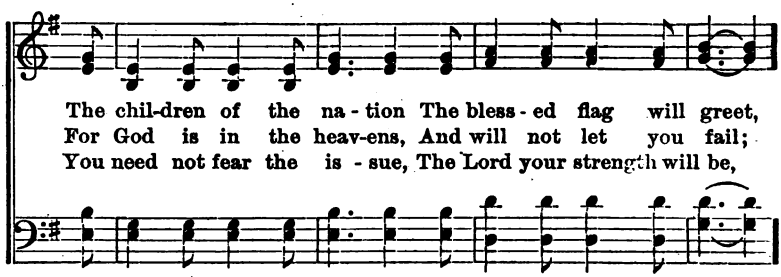
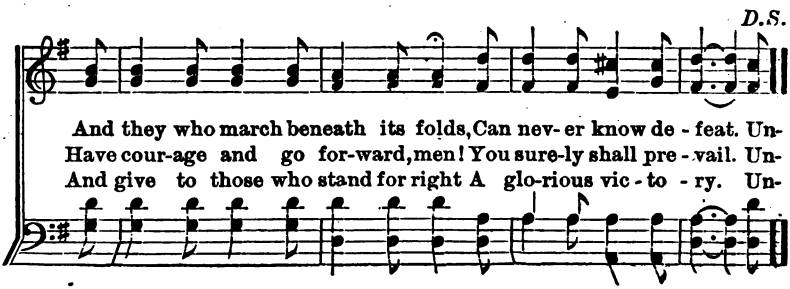
No. 35. UNFURL THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

E. Albright. J. E. Dekhammer.









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No. 36. NEVER CEASE STRIVING.

J. H. T. By per.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. We live in a world of temptation; Our foes are within and with-
2. Tho' the en-e-my fierce-ly as-sails you, For God and your man-hood stand
3. See the tem-per-ance ar-my advancing, Their banners as pure as the

out; And if we would cap-ture sal-va-tion, We must
true; And pray Him that grace may a-vail you, And tri-
snow; With songs and with mu-sic en-tranc-ing, They will

CHORUS.

fight till the foe we shall rout. Then nev-er cease striving, my
umph-ant-ly car-ry you through.
help you to con-quer the foe.

brother, Nor sad-ly thy sorrows bewail; But trust in your Mak-er, my

broth-er, If faith-ful, you nev-er will fail.

No. 37. ABLE TO SAVE.

E. R. LATTA. J. H. TENNEY

1. Seek thou the Saviour in ear - nest, Thou His forgiveness shalt
2. How He, on Cal - va - ry's moun-tain, Prayed for His foes and for -
3. Think how the mighty Re - deem - er Triumph'd o'er death and the

have: Thou shalt be freed from thy bondage; Je - sus is a - ble to
gave! He will not slight thy pe - ti - tion; Je - sus is a - ble to
grave; Seek Him, oh, seek Him, or per - ish! Je - sus is a - ble to

save. CHORUS.

save. . . . A - ble to save, . . . a - ble to
a - ble to save. A - ble to save,
a - ble to save.

save, Je-sus is a - ble and willing to save, . . A - ble to
is a - ble and willing to save,

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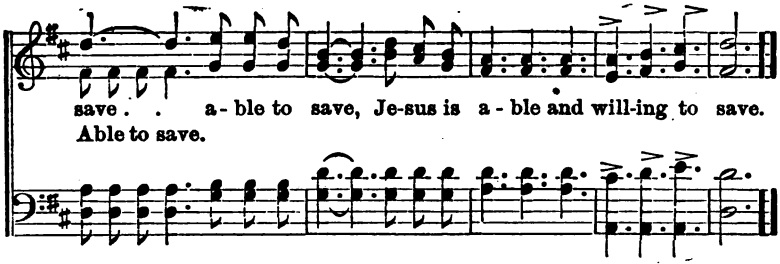
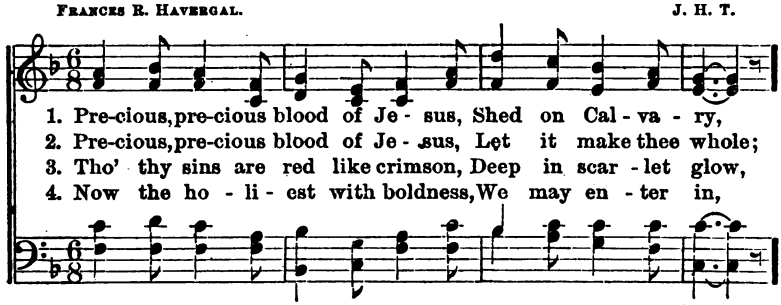
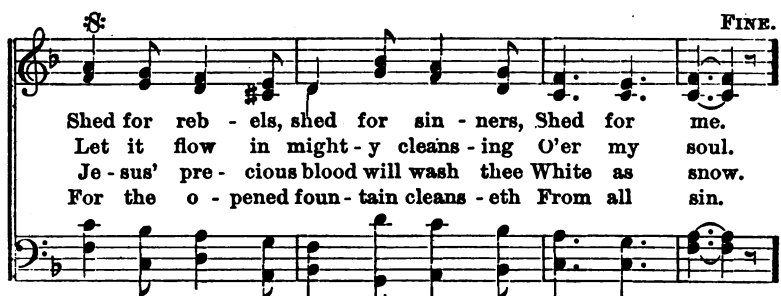
ABLE TO SAVE.

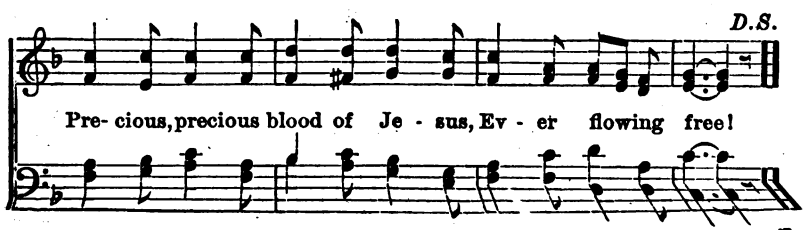


No. 38. PRECIOUS BLOOD OF JESUS.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. J. H. T.







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No. 39. DRINK, IF YOU DARE!

Words arr. by E. A. H. D. W. Crist.

1. Think of the harm it has done in the past, Blighting the bloom of all
2. Think of the sorrow, the anguish, the wrong Where the vile demon comes
3. Think how it fetters the weak and the strong; Think how it ru - ins the
4. Think of the hearts that are hardened to stone; Think of the noblest of

life with its blast; Think of the curse it has wrought everywhere;
stalk - ing a - long; Think of the ru - in of man - y a heart,
old and the young; Think of the treach-er - y and the de - ceit;
creatures o'erthrown; Think of the manhood burned out of the man;

Chorus.

Hon-est - ly drink of it then, if you dare. Drink if you dare!
Think of the woe it doth al - ways im-part.
Drinking thereof, will it seem to thee sweet?
Drink of it hon - est- ly, then, if you can. Drink if you

Drink if you dare! Drink of the ter - ri - ble cup if you dare!
dare! Drink if you dare! of the ter - ri- ble cup if you dare!

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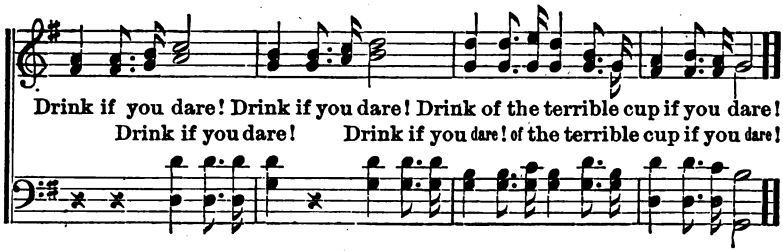
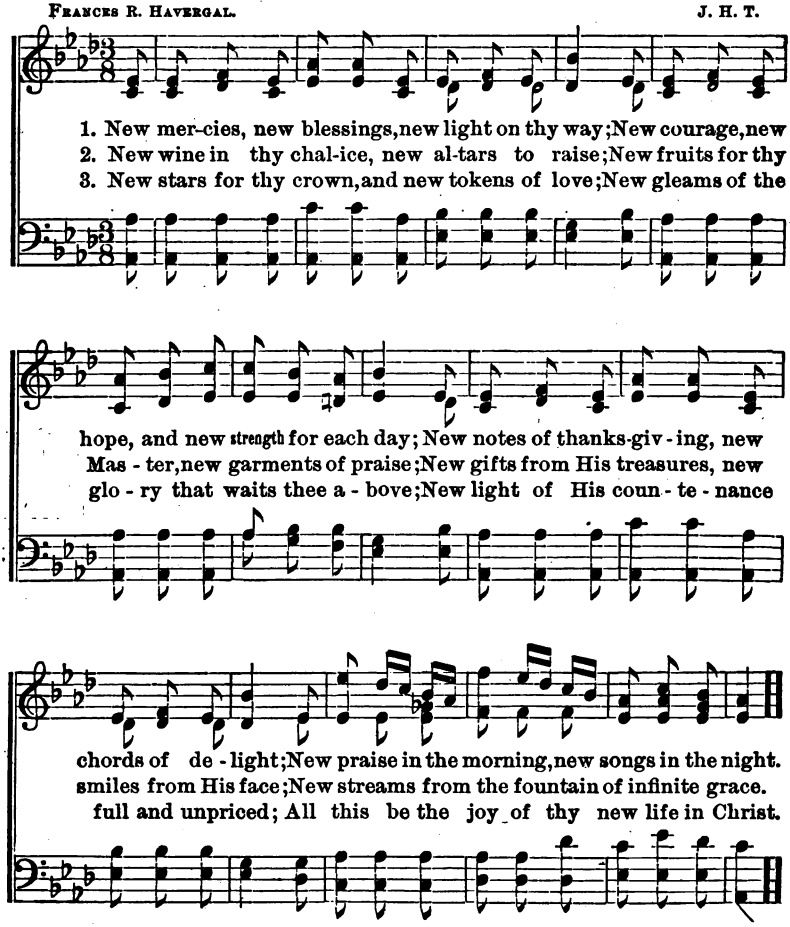
DRINK, IF YOU DARE!



No. 40. NEW MERCIES.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. J. H. T.



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No. 41. ONWARD, EVER ONWARD.

Rev. F. W. Farrar, D. D. J. H. T. From a Swiss Melody.

1. Onward! ev - er onward! front the no-ble fray; Turn your fac- es
2. While we face the battle, while we tread the path, 'Mid the war-drums'

sun-ward all the burning day; Fierce the foe a-round us,
rat - tle, 'mid the trumpets' wrath, Let high tho'ts of du - ty,

loud the battle's roar; Gleams the wild waste round us, gloom the hills before.
that no foe can tame, Throng our minds with beauty, thrill our souls with flame.

Chorus.

Aye, but calm and cheery; aye, but firm and strong; Tho' the way be

wea - ry, tho' the way be long. Onward, ev - er on-ward,

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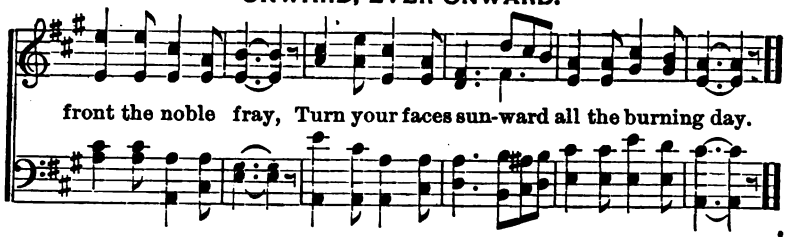
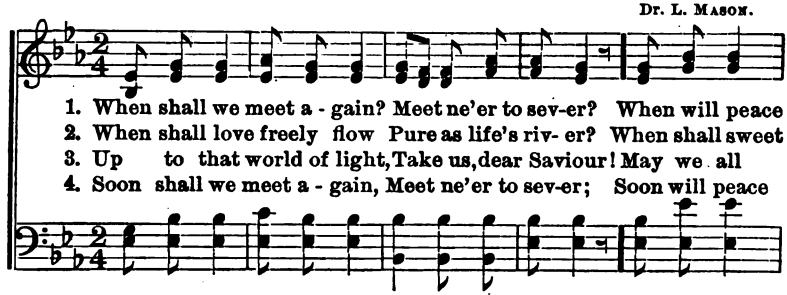
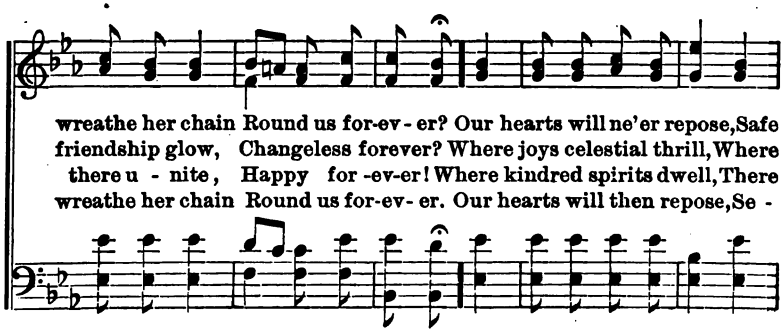
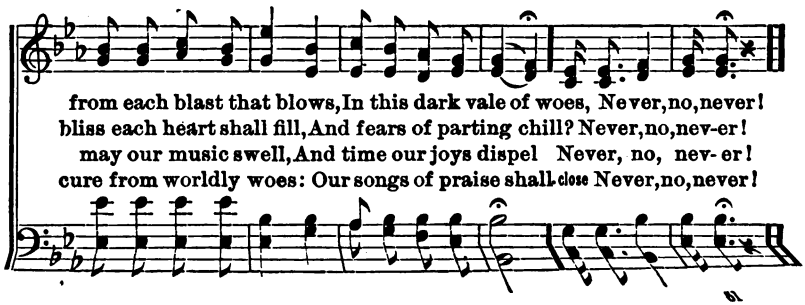


No. 42. WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

Dr. L. Mason.







No. 43. THE SALOON MUST GO.

E. A. H. E. A. Hoffman.

1. Tell the men who ped-dle liq-uor The sa- loon must go! That the
2. We pro- test against the tax - es; The sa- loon must go! We are
3. Men of courage, stand u - nit - ed; The sa-loon must go! Keep your

peo - ple have de - cid - ed On its o - verthrow; At the
wea - ry of the sor - row, Of the want and woe, Drink has
col - umns un - di - vid - ed; The sa - loon must go! We must

crime we have been winking, But of late have done some thinking, And re-
been the curse of ages, Taking home, and health, and wages; Like con-
stop this crime and anguish; We must falter not, nor languish, But the

solved to stop this drink-ing; The sa - loon must go!
ta - gion still it rag - es; The sa - loon must go!
hosts of e - vil van-quish; The sa - loon must go!

Chorus.

Yes, the sa - loon must go! Yes, the sa-loon must go! We are

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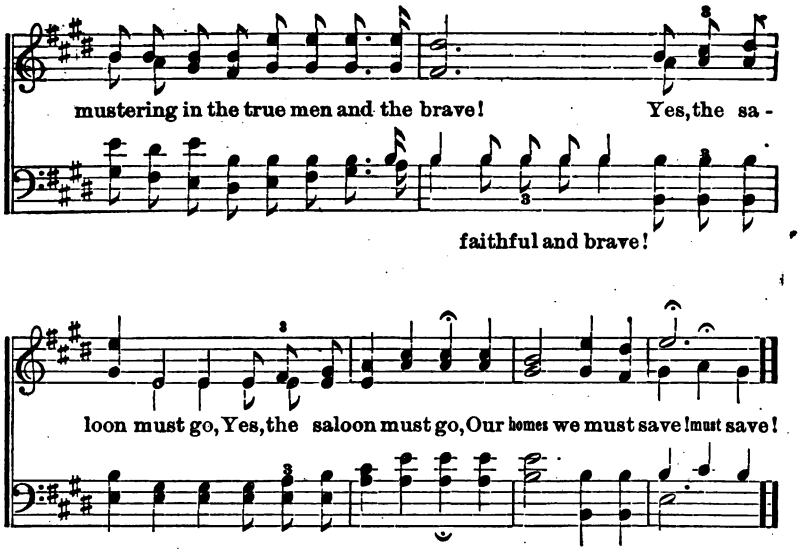
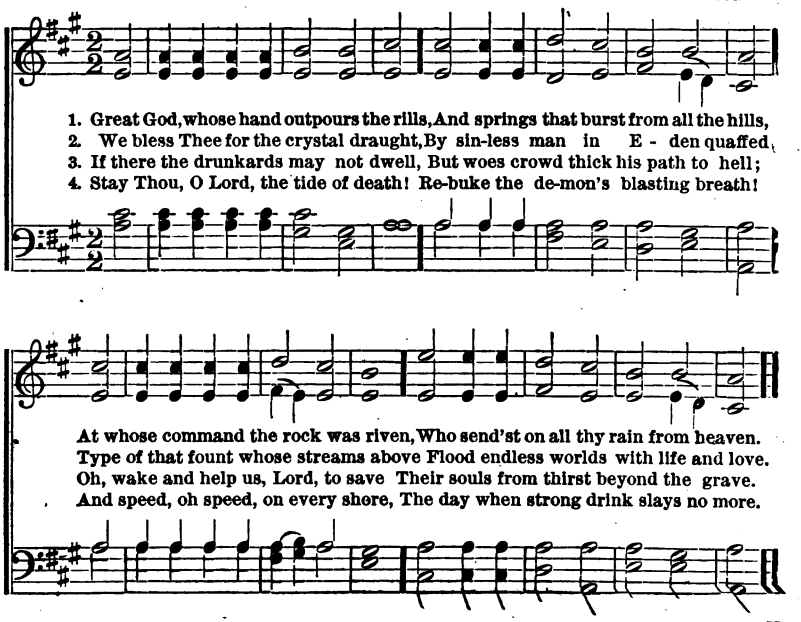
THE SALOON MUST GO.



No. 44. STIRLING. L. M.

R. Harrison.



No. 45. THE DEAR OLD HOME.

FANNIE CHADWICK. J. H. KISSENGER. By per.

1. I'm dreaming to-night of the home I had cher-ished in years gone by, So
2. But lightly at first came the tempter's spell, Growing so fast and sure, Till
3. Ah! lost, lost to me are the joys of home! Honor and hope are gone! An
4. But show me a hand, yes, a helping hand, To turn me to the right,—And

filled with the love of each heart so glad; How bright each laughing eye.
sad - ly the darkness of midnight fell On loved ones fond and pure.
out - cast, a wretch, far a - way I roam, All friendless and for - lorn.
weak as I am, I will take my stand, And sign the pledge to-night.

CHORUS.

Man- y are the homes that are clouded to-night, Longing for the curse to

cease; Man - y are the hands that are working for the right, To

bless the land with peace. Dreaming to-night, Dreaming to-night,

THE DEAR OLD HOME.

p

Dream-ing of the dear old home! . . Dreaming to - night,

p

home, dear old home,

rit.

Dream-ing to - night, Dream- ing of the dear old home!

No. 46. MOURN FOR THEM.

FOR MALE VOICES. J. H. T.

1. Mourn for the thousands slain, The youth - ful and the strong;
2. Mourn for the tarnished gem, For rea - son's light di - vine,
3. Mourn for the lost, but call, Call to the strong, the free;
4. Mourn for the lost, but pray, Pray to our Lord a - bove,

Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign, And the de - lu - ded throng.
Quench'd from the soul's bright di-a - dem, Where God hath bid it shine.
Rouse them to shun the dreadful fall, And to the ref - uge flee.
To break the fell destroyer's sway, And show His sav - ing love.

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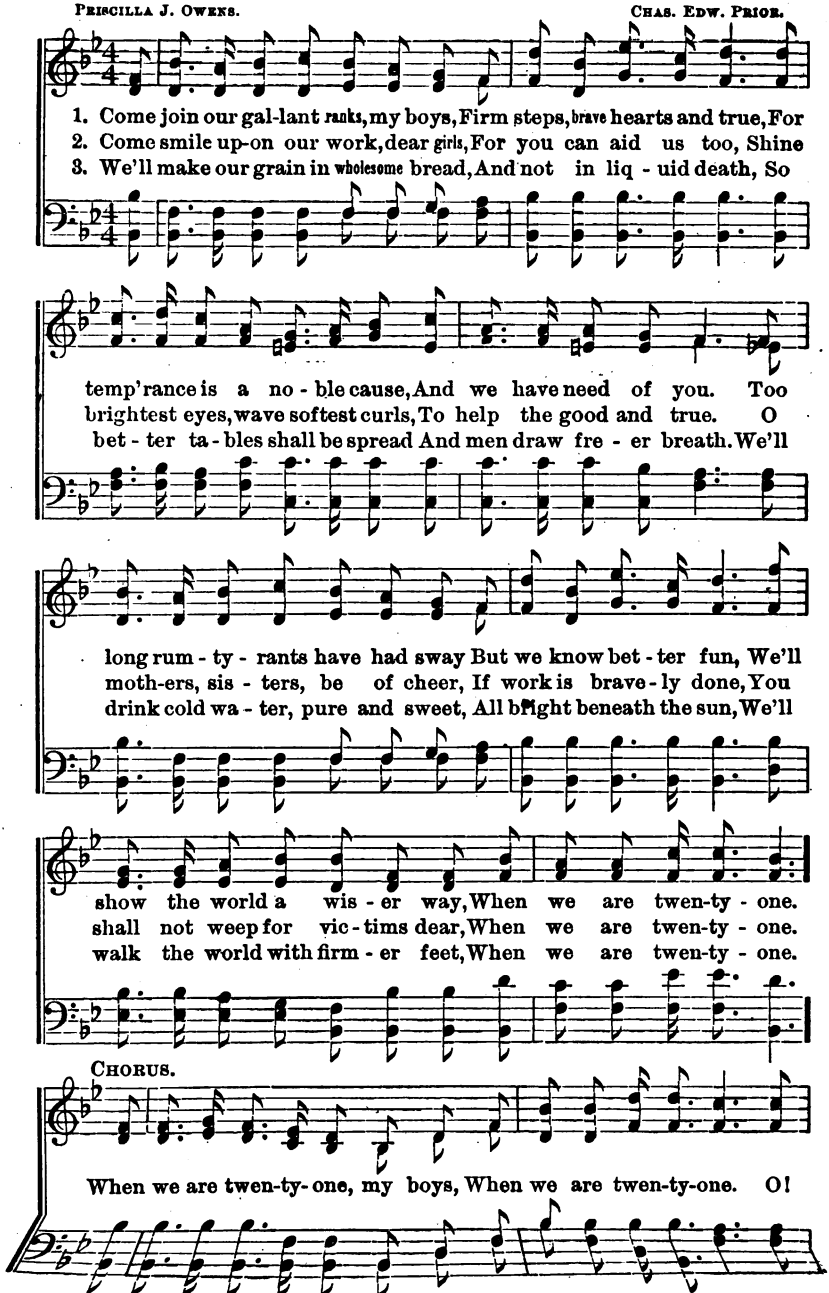
No. 47. WHEN WE ARE TWENTY-ONE.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



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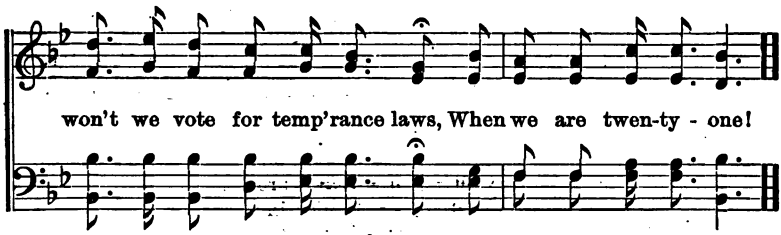
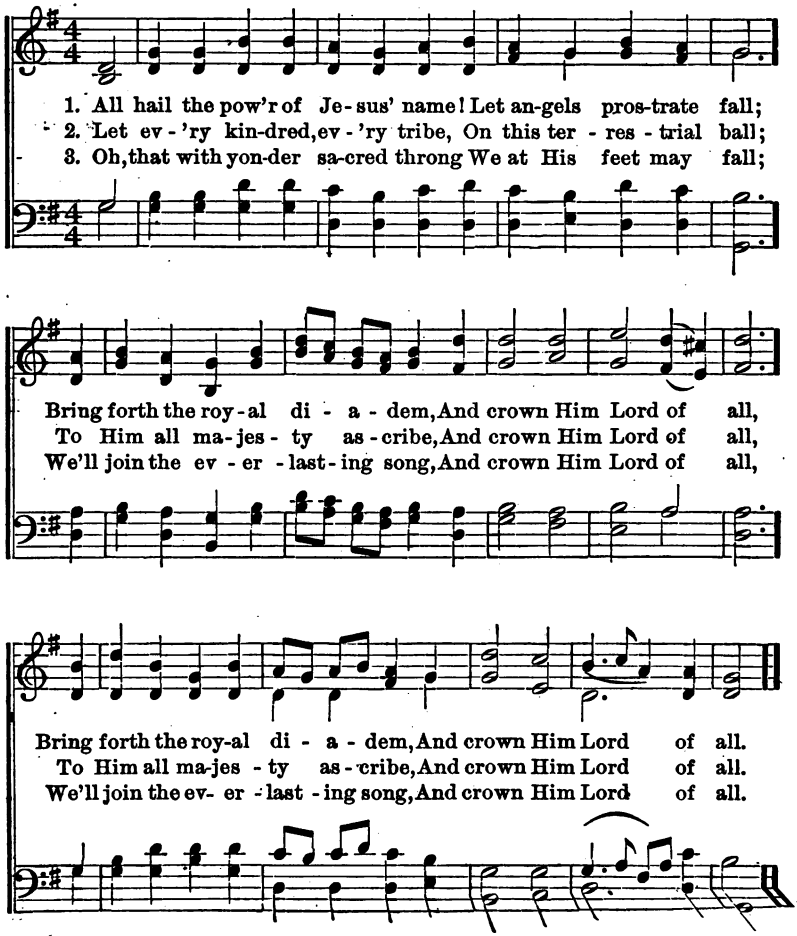
WHEN WE ARE TWENTY-ONE.



No. 48. CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.



No. 49. I WILL SIGN, OR I'LL TURN A NEW LEAF.

EDGAR A. HOLME. S. W. STRAUB.

1. My friends and com - pan - ions are sign - ing, While
2. My wife has been pa - tient in sor - row, And
3. Hail, com - rades! I'm com - ing to join you, And

I have been thinking it o'er, And now I have ful - ly con -
ev - er dealt kind-ly with me, While I have so sad - ly neg -
march in your ranks from to - day! I've turned a new leaf, and con -

clud - ed That I will de - lay it no more; Too
lect - ed The one who my i - dol should be; And
clud - ed To keep from the wine-cup a - way; God

long I have clung to the wine - cup, And drain'd with a passion each
oh! when I think of the chil - dren Be-reft of my love by the
help - ing, from this moment for - ward, I'll nev - er a - gain touch the

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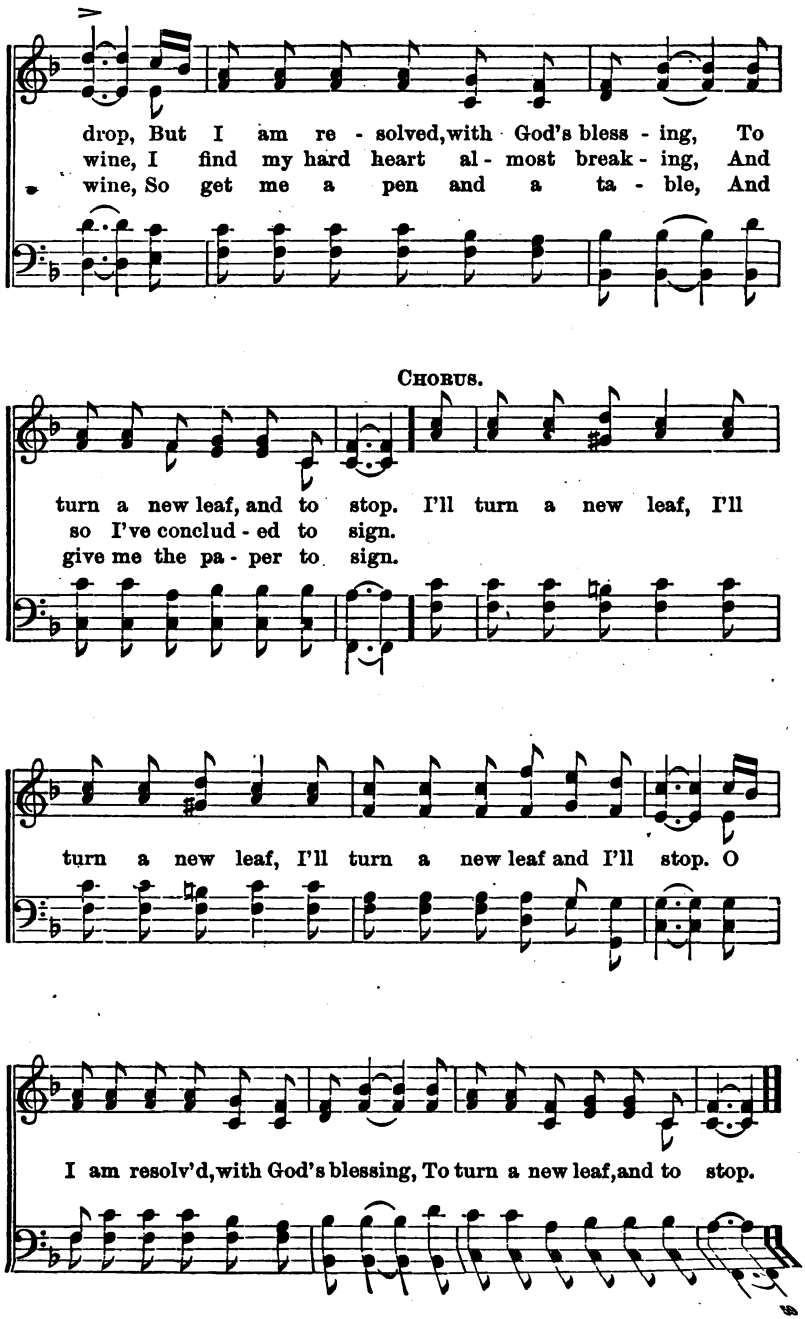
I WILL SIGN, OR I'LL TURN A NEW LEAF.



No. 50. WOULD YOU MEET ME IN THE KINGDOM?

Arranged from a "JUBILEE SONG," by J. H. T.

1. O broth-er, will you meet me On Canaan's bright and
2. What is your hope, my broth - er? Is Christ the on - ly
3. O bear the cross, my broth - er, Walk dai - ly in the

beau - ti - ful shore? In heav - en will you meet me, When the
trust of your heart? To - day, if He should call you, Could you
path - way of light, And when the Sav - iour calls you, In the

CHORUS.

toils and sorrows of this life are o'er? If in Heav -en you would
an-swer I am read-y to de - part?
Kingdom you shall walk with Him in white.

meet me, You must wash your garments white in the Saviour's blood, You must

wash them, you must cleanse them, In the Saviour's pre - cious blood.

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No. 51. TEMPERANCE BELLS.

E. A. H. E. A. Hoffman.

1. The bells are ring-ing clear, Are ringing loud and merri - ly to -day,
2. The bells are ring-ing in The day of gladness herald -ed so long,
3. They ring the dawn of peace, The dawn of u - ni-ver - sal lib- er- ty,

They tell to far and near That freedom's hosts are marching to the fray;
The knell of vice and sin, The end of cru - el tyranny and wrong;
They peal the full re-lease Of slaves who long have struggled to be free;

Oh, hear them ring so glad - ly, mer - ri - ly, Hear them sounding
Oh, hear them ring so clear - ly, mer - ri - ly, Hear them sing so
Oh, hear them peal so loud - ly, joy - ful - ly, Hear them peal the

Hear the Temp'rance Bells,

sweet - ly, cheer - i - ly, Hear the Temp'rance
loud - ly, cheer - i - ly,
dawn of lib - er - ty, Hear the Temp'rance Bells,

Hear the Temp'rance

Hear the Temp'rance bells,

bells, Hear the bells, Oh, hear the merry Temp'rance bells!

bells, Hear the bells, Oh, hear

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No. 52. A LITTLE BAND OF HOPE BOY.

R. H. SADLER. R. B. MAHAFFEY.

1. A lit - tle Band of Hope boy, I'm on - ly four years old; I don't know much a - bout it, But on - ly what I'm told.
2. My moth-er of - ten tells me, Men love the nas - ty stuff, But do not love their chil - dren, Nor give them food e - nough.
3. And if they cry when hun - gry, They beat them ve - ry much; I think they're ver - y naugh - ty, I nev - er will be such.
4. If some one beer should give me, Which some day they may do, I'll say, "My father says, 'Don't drink,' And moth- er says so, too."

DUET.

I'm a lit - tle Band of Hope boy, I'm on - ly four years old So, till I know what's bet - ter, I'll do just what I'm told.

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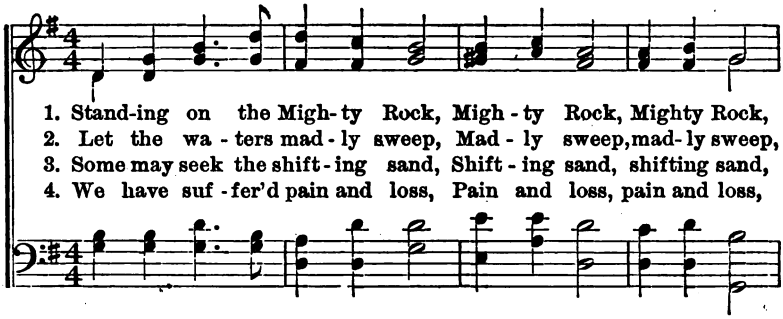
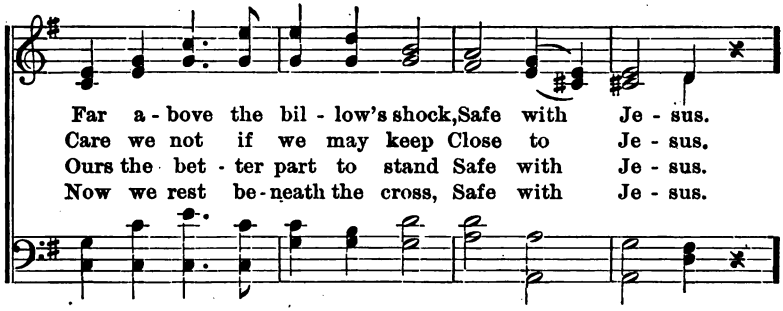
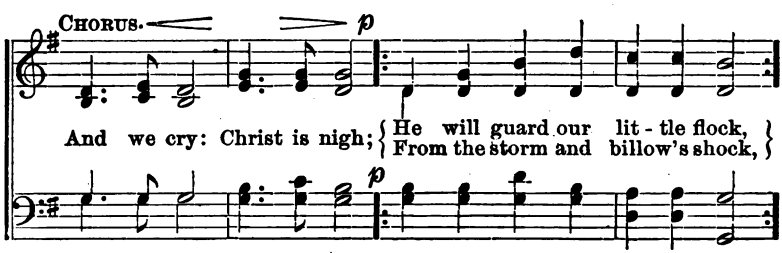
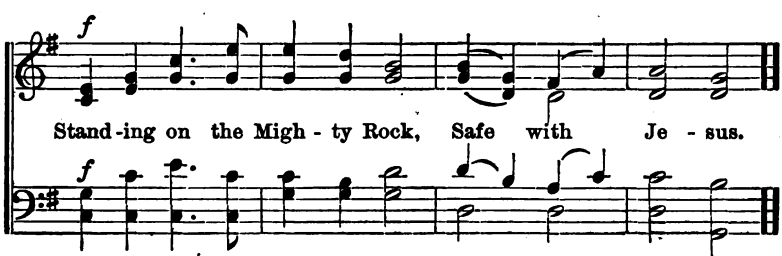
No. 53. STANDING ON THE MIGHTY ROCK.

A. W. French. J. H. Tenney.









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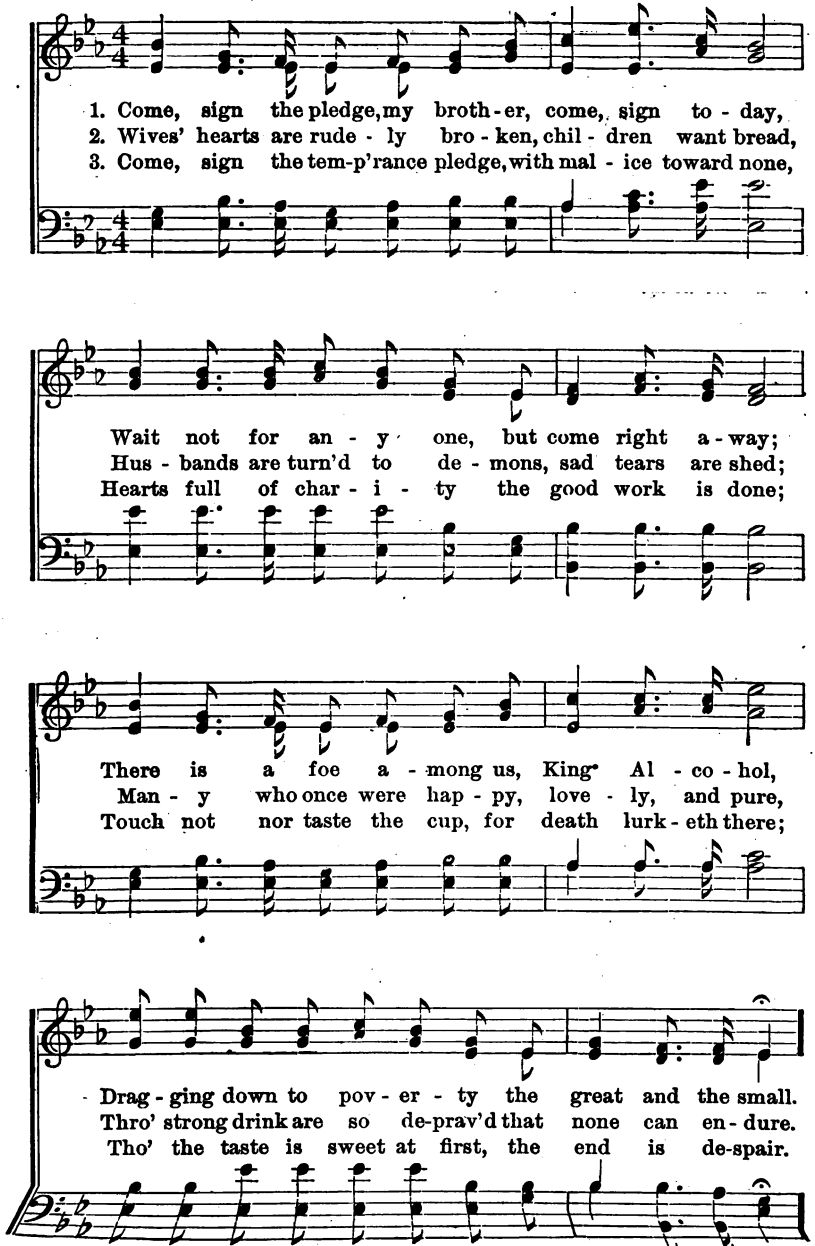
No. 54. SIGN THE PLEDGE.

R. A. G. R. A. GLENN.



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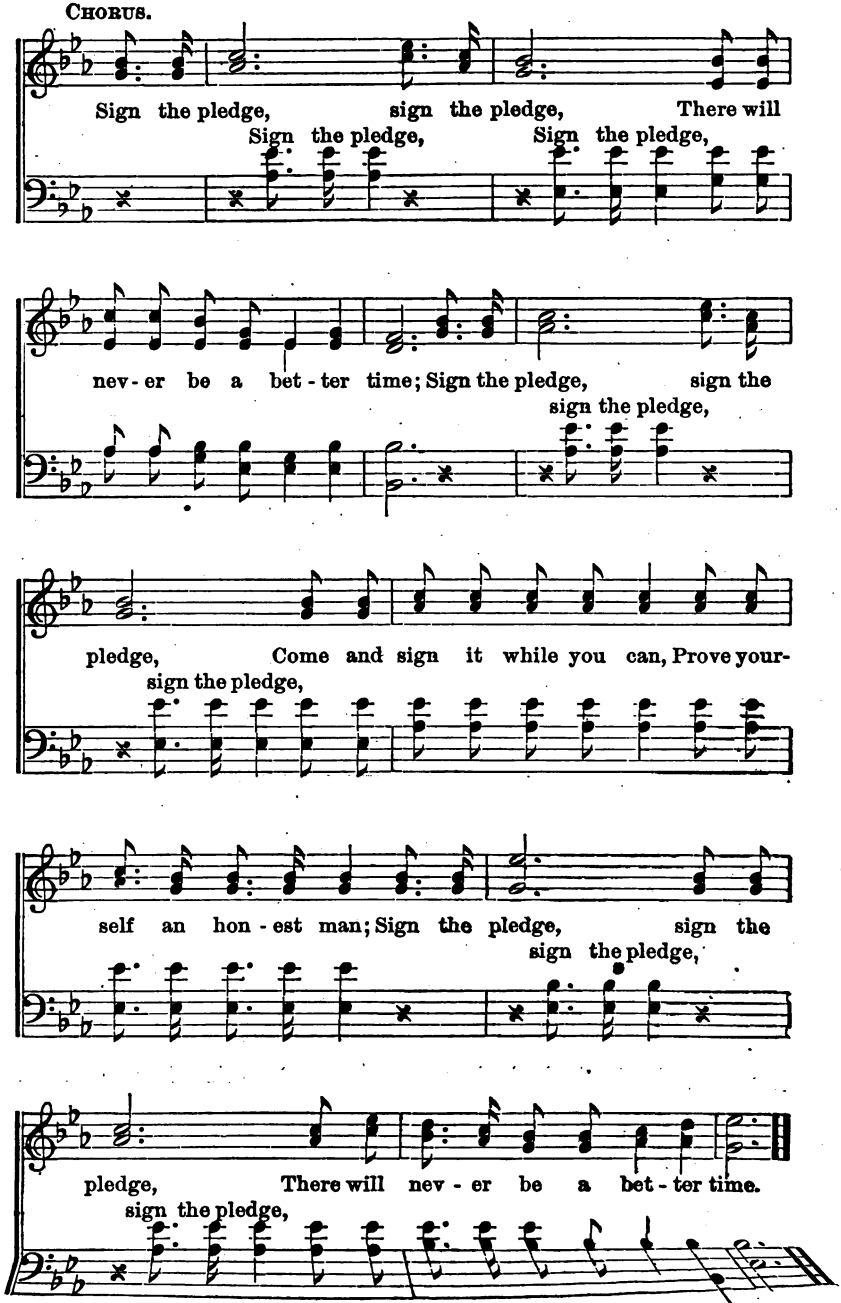
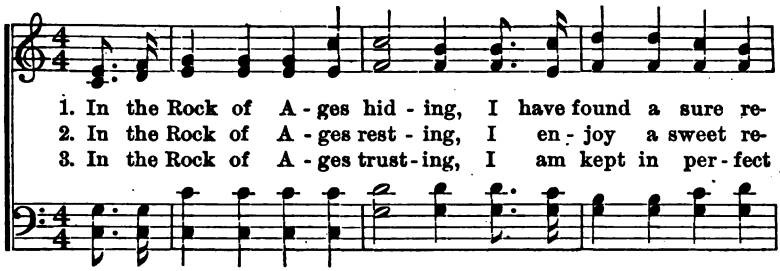
SIGN THE PLEDGE.

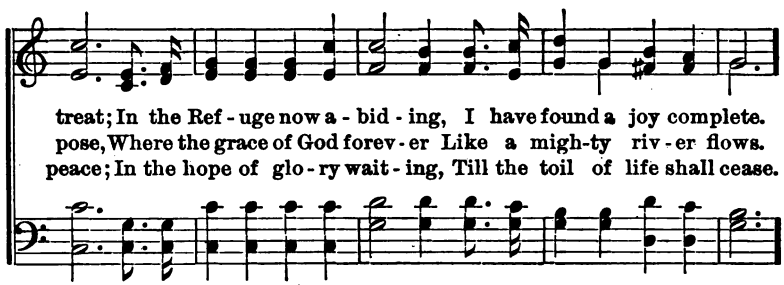


No. 55. HIDING IN THE ROCK.

Rev. H. B. Hartzler. Chas. H. Gabriel.

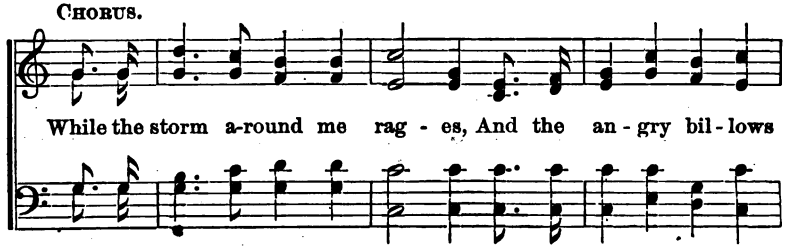


1. In the Rock of A - ges hid - ing, I have found a sure re-
2. In the Rock of A - ges rest - ing, I en - joy a sweet re-
3. In the Rock of A - ges trust - ing, I am kept in per - fect

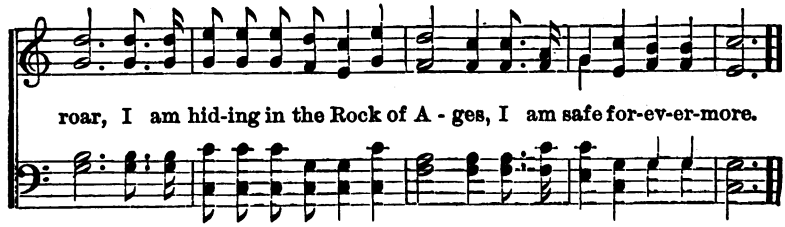


treat; In the Ref - uge now a - bid - ing, I have found a joy complete.
pose, Where the grace of God forev - er Like a migh-ty riv - er flows.
peace; In the hope of glo - ry wait - ing, Till the toil of life shall cease.

Chorus.



While the storm a-round me rag - es, And the an - gry bil - lows



roar, I am hid-ing in the Rock of A - ges, I am safe for-ev-er-more.

From "Spiritual Songs," by per.

No. 56. ARMY OF CRUSADERS.

E. A. H. E. A. H.

1. What host is this ap - proach-ing, With swords and ban - ners bright? And whither are they marching? And where the foe they fight?
2. Oh! see them proud-ly march-ing, To sound of fife and drum, A-gainst the gi- ant e - vil, The cit - a - del of rum.
3. And will they gain the vic - t'ry, And tri - umph o - ver wrong? Yes, for the Lord is with them, To cheer the hosts a - long.

CHORUS.

'Tis an ar - my of cru - sad - ers In the migh - ty tem-p'rance war, Who will nev - er cease the con - flict Till this e - vil is no more.

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No. 57. WE'LL WIN BY WORKING TOGETHER.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

1. Here's a pledge we of - fer to each faithful heart and hand, For
2. Here's a pledge we of - fer to the tempted, sore - ly tried, The
3. Here's a pledge we of - fer to the wand'rer straying far, A -

home and hope and heav - en, for God and na - tive land; Lift
quick-sand is be - neath you, be - ware the ris - ing tide;—We
bove the coast of dan - ger, we lift our bea - con star; Our

up the temp'rance ban-ner and firm in un - ion stand, We'll
reach our hands to save you, and God is on our side, We'll
Christ is strong to save you, to calm the bil-low's roar, We'll

CHORUS.

win by work - ing to - geth - er. Come on! come on! our

no - ble pledge to sign; Re - nounce, re - nounce at

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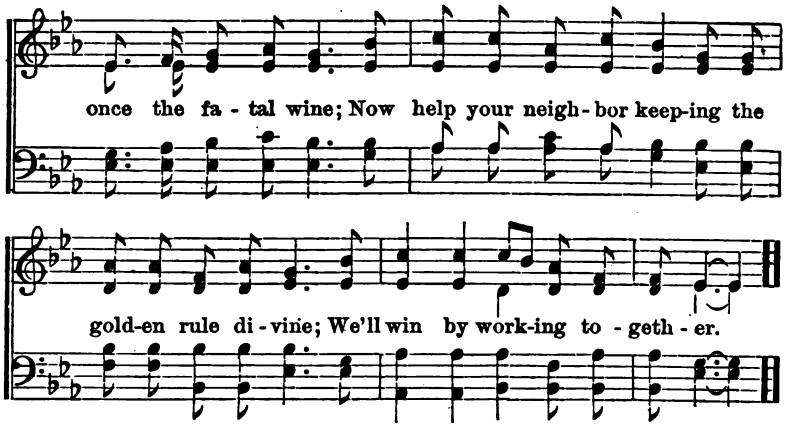
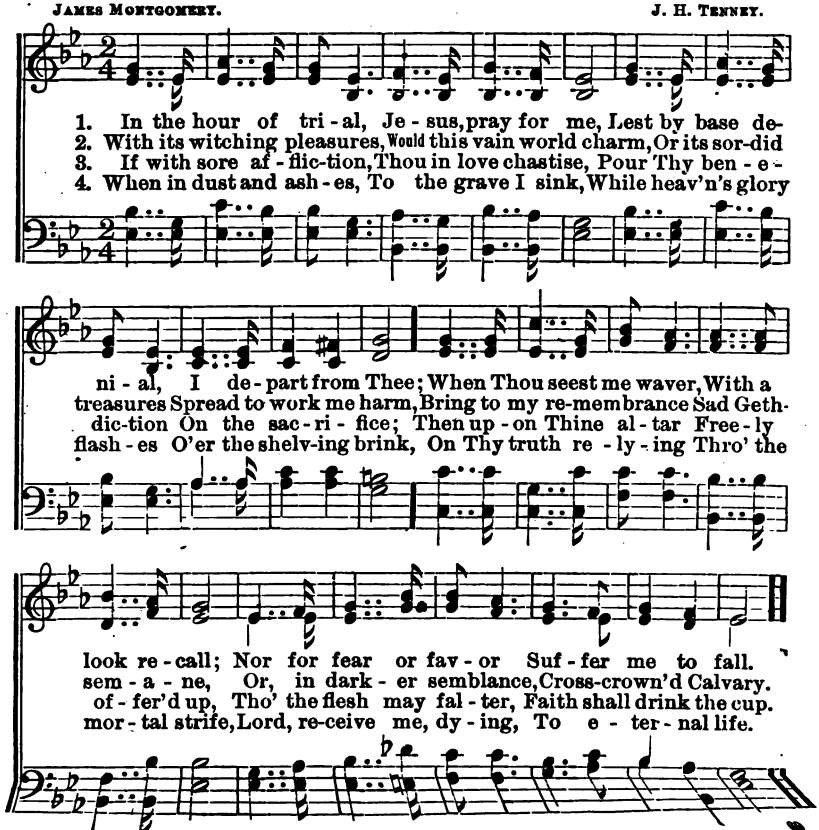
WE'LL WIN BY WORKING TOGETHER.



No. 58. IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. J. H. TENNEY.



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No. 59. HELPED BY A KIND HAND.

E. A. H. Rev. E. S. Lorenz.

1. A drunk-en man sat on the curb-stone, His face ve-ry hag-gard and red, . When Ro-sa, a school-girl, ap-proached him, And kind-ly but tim-id-ly said: "I'm sor-ry to see you so wretch-ed, So lone-ly and friend-less and sad; . . Pray,
2. The man raised his head in a-maze-ment, And looked in the face of the child, So beaming with light and com-pas-sion, So wondrous-ly sweet and so mild, "I'm on-ly a poor lit-tle girl, sir, And on-ly a kind word can lend, . . But
3. "Your kind words have helped me alread-y," The man with e-mo-tion re-plied, Then buried his face in his bo-som And loud-ly and bit-ter-ly cried; "I thank you, dear child, for your kind-ness; You've given me cour-age to-day; . . Hence-
4. The words of the kind lit-tle maid-en Were giv-en at lit-tle of cost, But went to the heart of a sin-ner Who thought he was friendless and lost; In hope he returned to his fire-side, To weep in con-tri-tion and pray, . . And

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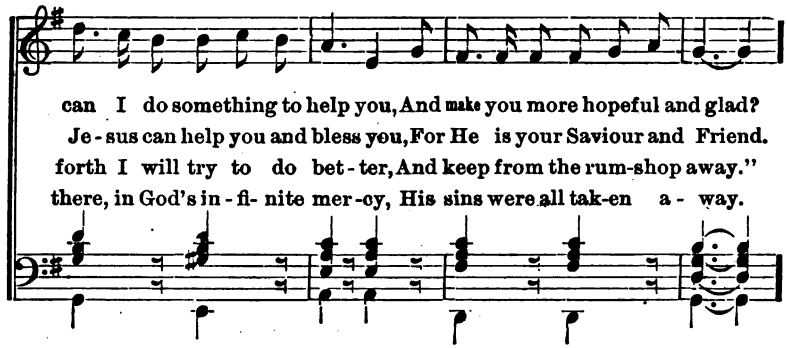
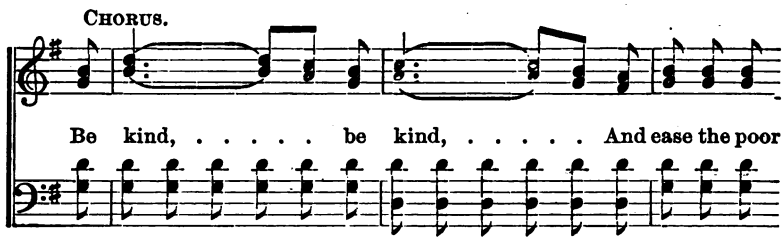
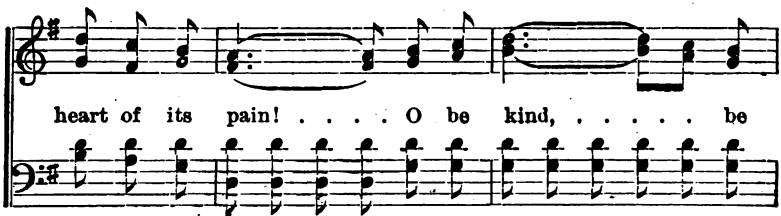
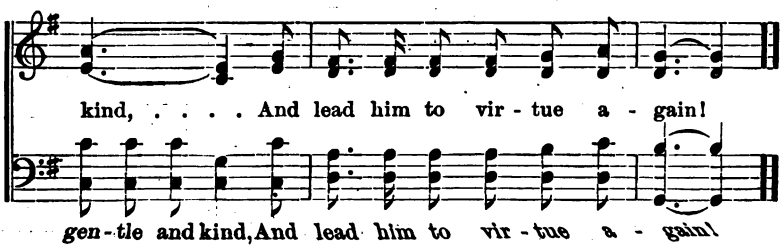
HELPED BY A KIND WORD.









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No. 60. REINFORCEMENTS.

S. H. St. John. R. B. Mahaffey.

Not too fast.

1. What is this that wakes e - mo - tion In each loy - al heart to - day?
2. Long and anx-ious-ly we've wait - ed, Sigh-ing, praying for the time
3. Sharp and fierce has been the bat - tle, And de - fi - ant was the foe;
4. "Thus we come by states so grand-ly," Answers "Prairie" back to "Pine,"
5. And from Georgia's counties ring - ing, North Caro-li-na, Ten-nes-see,
6. Which will be the next to fol - low? Which the next to break a - way

An-swers Rhoda by the o - cean: "Pro-hi-bi-tion's come to stay."
When this curse should be a - bat - ed, Now the vic-t'ry is sub - lime.
Now they hear our cannon rat - tle, Ours the vict'ry, theirs to "go."
"From New England's hills of gran - ite, We are wheeling in - to line."
Mis - sis-sip - pi, all are sing - ing, "From this curse we shall be free."
From the chains of night that bind you, Ush - er in the glo - rious day?

Chorus.

In - to line! In - to line! In - to line! O ye
In - to line!

states that still are halt - ing! O ye men who still are

rit.

fal - t'ring! In - to line! In- to line! In - to line!
In - to line!

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No. 61. TOUCH NOT THE CUP.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Touch not the cup, it is death to the soul: Touch not the cup,
2. Touch not the cup, when the wine glistens bright: Touch not the cup,
3. Touch not the cup, oh, drink not a drop: Touch not the cup,

touch not the cup: Man - y I know who have quaffed from the bowl:
touch not the cup: Tho' like the ru - by it shines in the light:
touch not the cup: All that thou lov - est, en- treat thee to stop:

Touch not the cup, touch it not. Lit - tle they thought that the
Touch not the cup, touch it not. Th' fangs of the ser - pent are
Touch not the cup, touch it not. Stop, for the home that to

de - mon was there: Blind-ly they drank and were caught in the snare:
hid in the bowl; Deep-ly the poi - son will en - ter thy soul,
thee is so near; Stop, for the friends that to thee are so dear;

Then of that death-dealing bowl, O, beware! Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Soon it will plunge thee beyond thy control; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Stop for thy country, the God that you fear; Touch not the cup, touch it not.

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No. 62. TO THE FRONT.

E. A. H. E. A. H.

1. To the front, brave sol - diers, Je - sus goes be - fore! To the
2. Fill the ranks, ye men, be read - y for the fray, God will
3. Fill the ranks, brave boys, and nev - er be a - fraid, Bear in

front, and do not give the bat - tle o'er, 'Till the
need strong arms and ear - nest hearts to - day, To the
mind the words your no - ble Cap - tain said, And de-

cru - el reign of sin shall be no more, Go
God of bat - tles lift your souls and pray As
pend on Him a - lone for help and aid As

FINE.

brave - ly march - ing on. To the front, to the
you go march - ing on.
you go march - ing on.

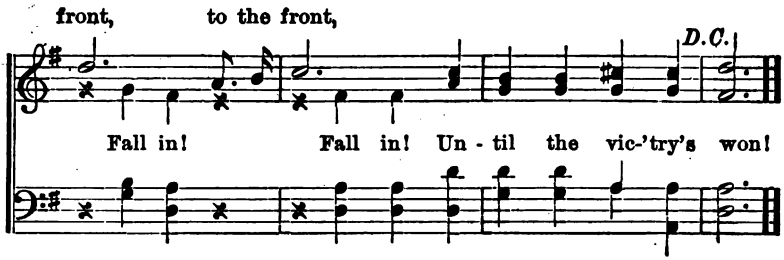
fall in

front, Fill the ranks, fill the ranks, To the

fall in, fall in, fall in,

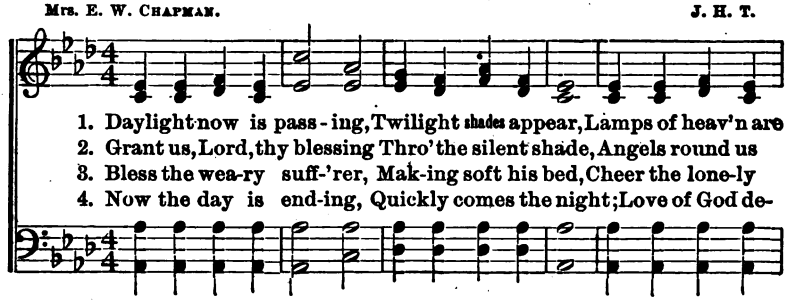
From "SWEET FIELDS OF EDEN," by per.

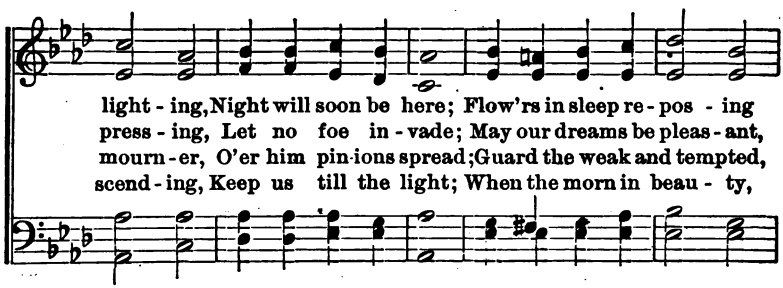
TO THE FRONT.

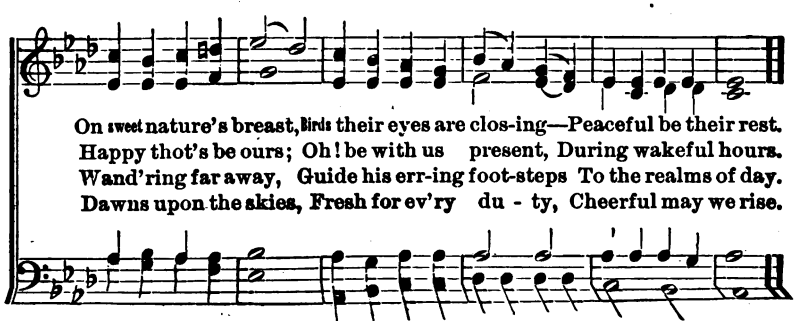


No. 63. TWILIGHT SONG.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. J. H. T.







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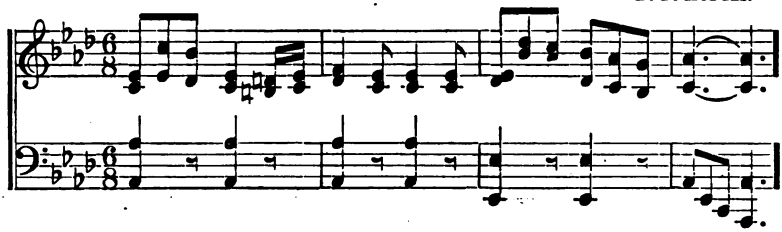
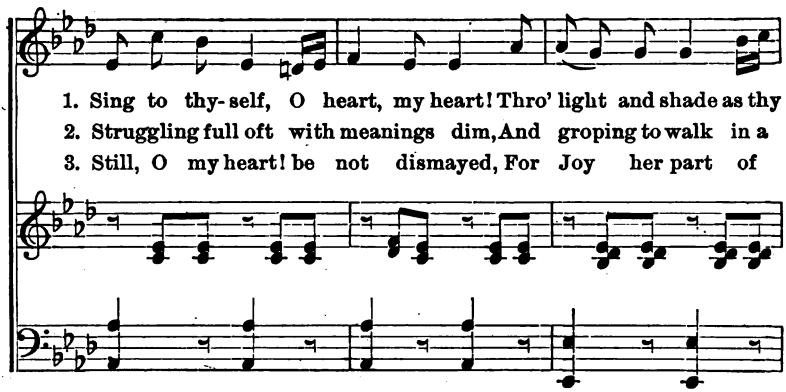
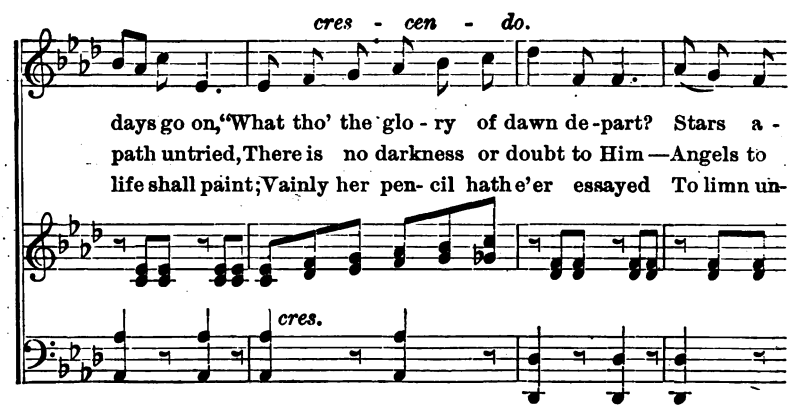
No. 64. MY SONG.

D. F. Hodges.







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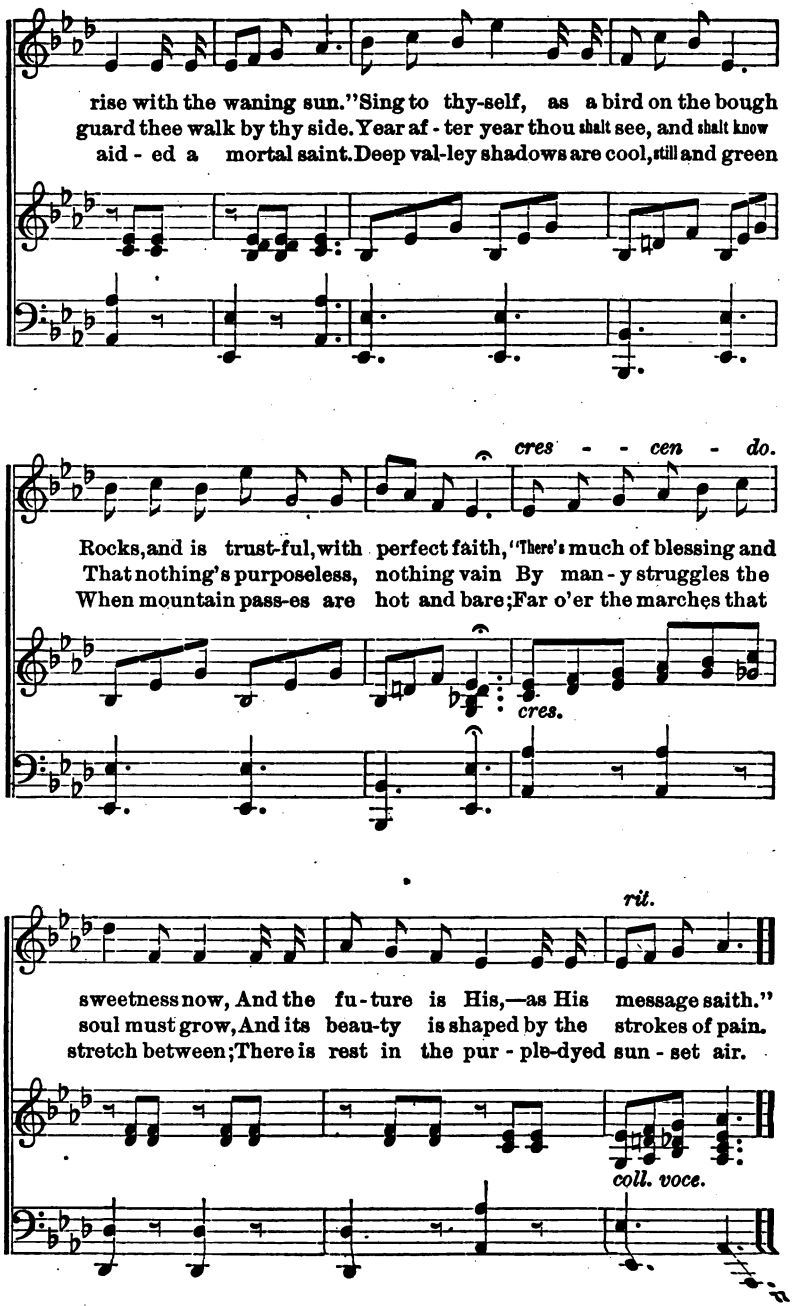
MY SONG.


rise with the waning sun." Sing to thy-self, as a bird on the bough
guard thee walk by thy side. Year af - ter year thou shalt see, and shalt know
aid - ed a mortal saint. Deep val-ley shadows are cool, still and green
cres - - cen - do.
Rocks, and is trust-ful, with perfect faith, "There's much of blessing and
That nothing's purposeless, nothing vain By man - y struggles the
When mountain pass-es are hot and bare; Far o'er the marches that
cres.
rit.
sweetness now, And the fu - ture is His,—as His message saith."
soul must grow, And its beau-ty is shaped by the strokes of pain.
stretch between; There is rest in the pur - ple-dyed sun - set air.
coll. voce.

No. 65. THEY SHALL SHINE AS THE STARS.

Rev. Frank Pollock. J. H. Tenney.

1. I have thought of the good in their la - bor of love; Like the
2. I have thought of the treasures that to them are giv'n; For the
3. Ah, crowns of re - joic - ing in heav-en they'll wear; And their

stars they shall shine In their glo - ry di - vine, In the
work of their faith; And my soul sweet - ly saith, Glad
crowns they a - dorn, And they have not a thorn, Sav'd

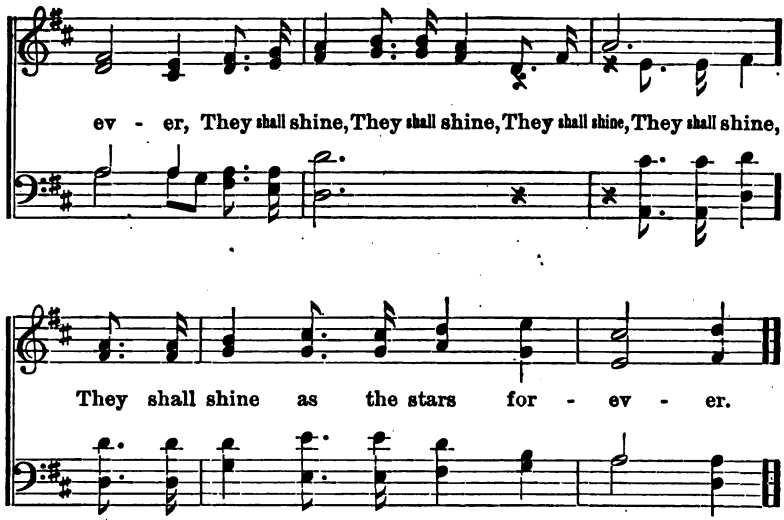
Chorus.

beau - ty of God for - ev - er a - bove. They shall
welcome they'll have to the glo - ry of heav'n.
sin-ners shall gleam in their di - a - dem there.

shine, They shall shine, They shall shine as the stars for-
They shall shine, They shall shine,

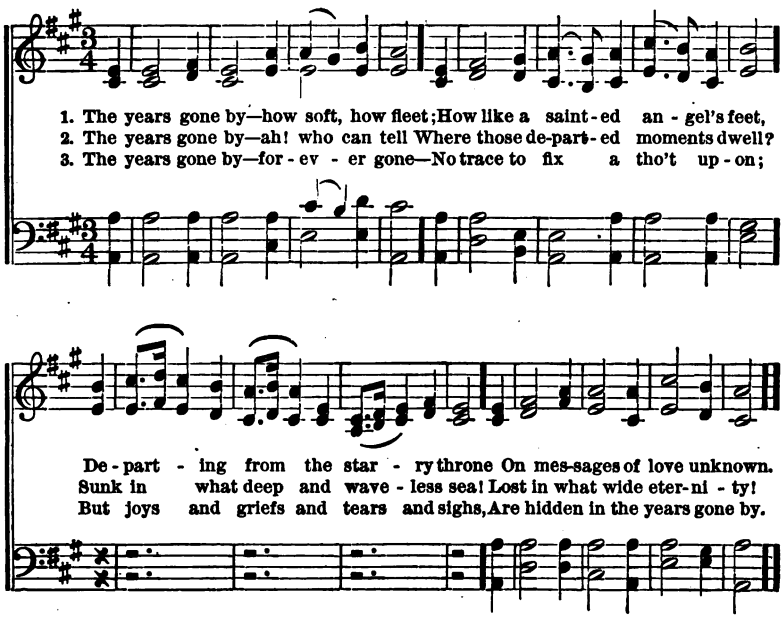
From "Sweet Fields of Eden" by per.

THEY SHALL SHINE AS THE STARS.



No. 66. YEARS GONE BY.

H. Coyle. John R. Bryant.



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No. 67. YOU CAN COUNT ON ME.

E. A. Hoffman. J. H. Kissinger.

1. Raise a-loft your banner, fling it to the breeze Till it floats majestic
2. Onward in the con-flict, fal-ter not nor fear; God is looking on, and
3. Bid the ranks move forward in an onset grand, Pledg'd to fight for God, for

o - ver land and seas; In the earnest fight to make the people free,
speaking words of cheer; Let us to our du - ty nev - er faithless be,
home and na-tive land: In the struggle brave to make the nation free,

Chorus.

Count, yes,

You can al-ways count on me. You can count on me, yes,

count on me,

you can count on me, As a friend of all who struggle to be free;

In the fight for Temp'rance, Truth, and Liberty, You can always count on me.

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No. 68. THE COUNTRY'S NEW REDEMPTION.

E. A. H. E. A. H.

1. We have gath-ered from the hill-side, the val - ley, and the plain,
2. We have ral - lied from the homes of the na - tion's broad domain,
3. We have signed the roll to-day and en - list - ed for the war,

Seek - ing the coun - try's new re - demp - tion; We will
Seek - ing the coun - try's new re - demp - tion; And we
Seek - ing the coun - try's new re - demp - tion; And we

wield the sword till truth and till right-eousness shall reign,
pledge our man-hood's strength till the migh - ty foe is slain,
will not stack our guns till the curse shall be no more,

D.S. *ral - ly to the call in the cause to win or fall,*

FINE. CHORUS.

Seek-ing the country's new redemption. En - list- ed for Temp'rance we'll

Seek-ing the country's new redemption.

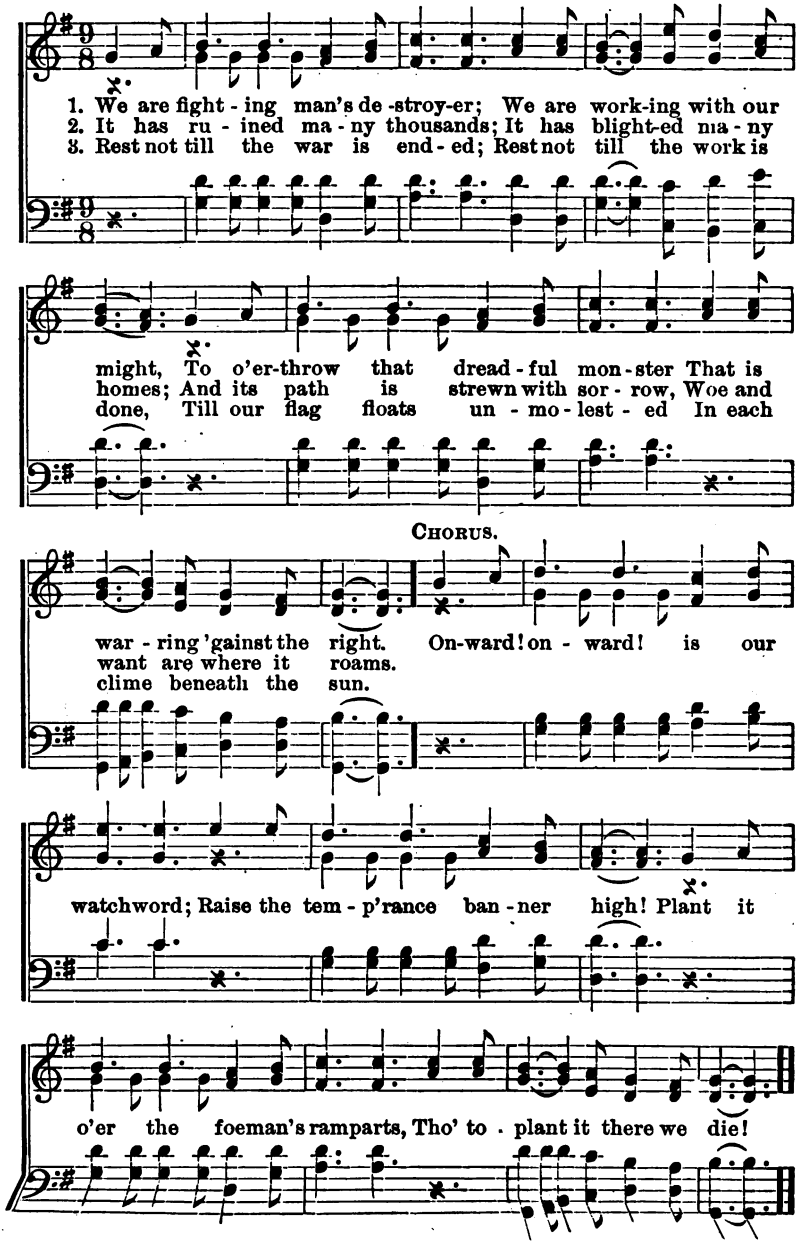
D.S.

all shout, "hurrah!" Falter we'll never, de - fending the law! But we'll

From "TEMPERANCE SONGS," by per.

No. 69. RAISE THE TEMPERANCE BANNER HIGH!

H. B. Disney. J. F. Disney.



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No. 70. FORTH TO DUTY!

Mrs. E W. Chapman. J. H. T.

1. Have you done your faithful du - ty At the bal - lot box, my
2. Help us to ex - pel the de - mon Lurking now at ev - ery
3. Are you work - ing for the tempt-ed? Those enchained by liquor's

friend? Have you gone for prohi-bi- tion, And the cause will you defend?
door; Help us crush the hateful monster That it live and reign no more.
sway? Rouse to more ef-fi-cient effort, God will need brave hearts today.

Chorus.

Forth to du - ty? forth to du - ty! Drive the aw - ful curse a -

rit.

way! Forth to du - ty! forth to du - ty! God will need brave hearts to-day!

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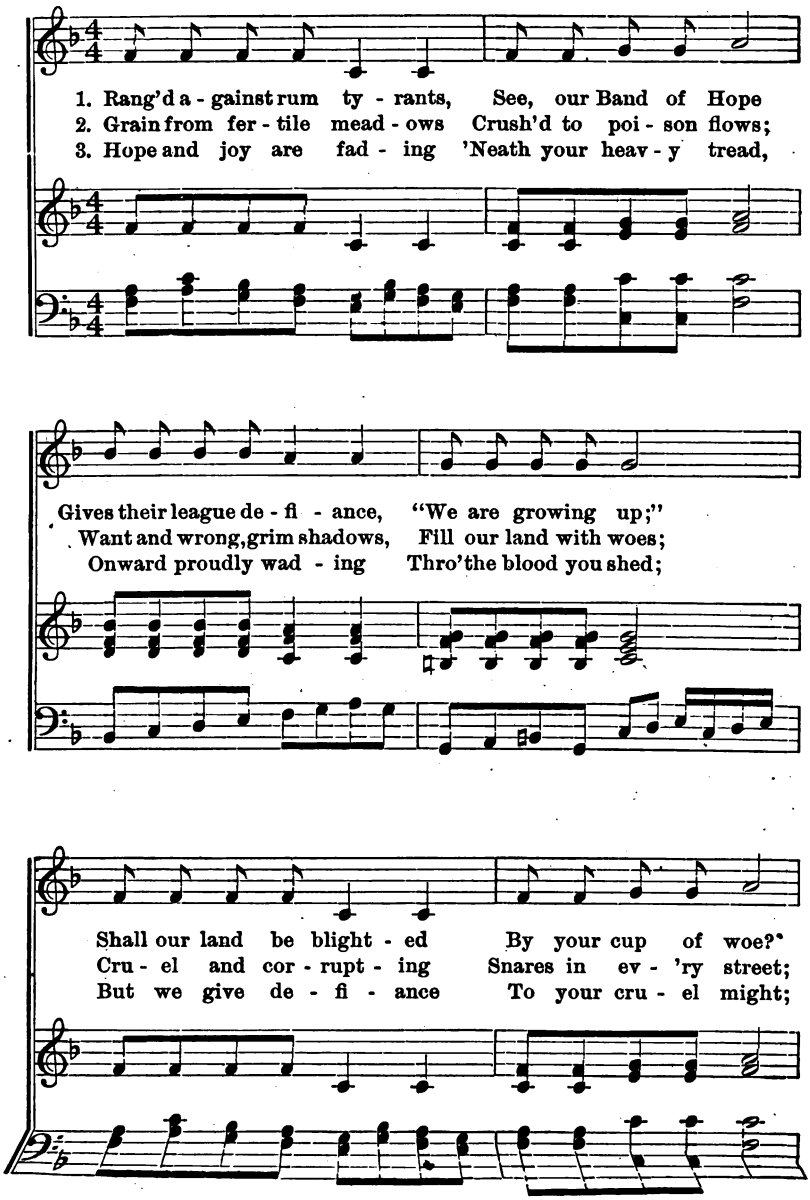
No. 71. WE ARE GROWING UP.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. BAND OF HOPE SONG. CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

In the French Revolution a company of boys marched under a flag bearing this motto:—"Tremble, tyrants, we are growing up."



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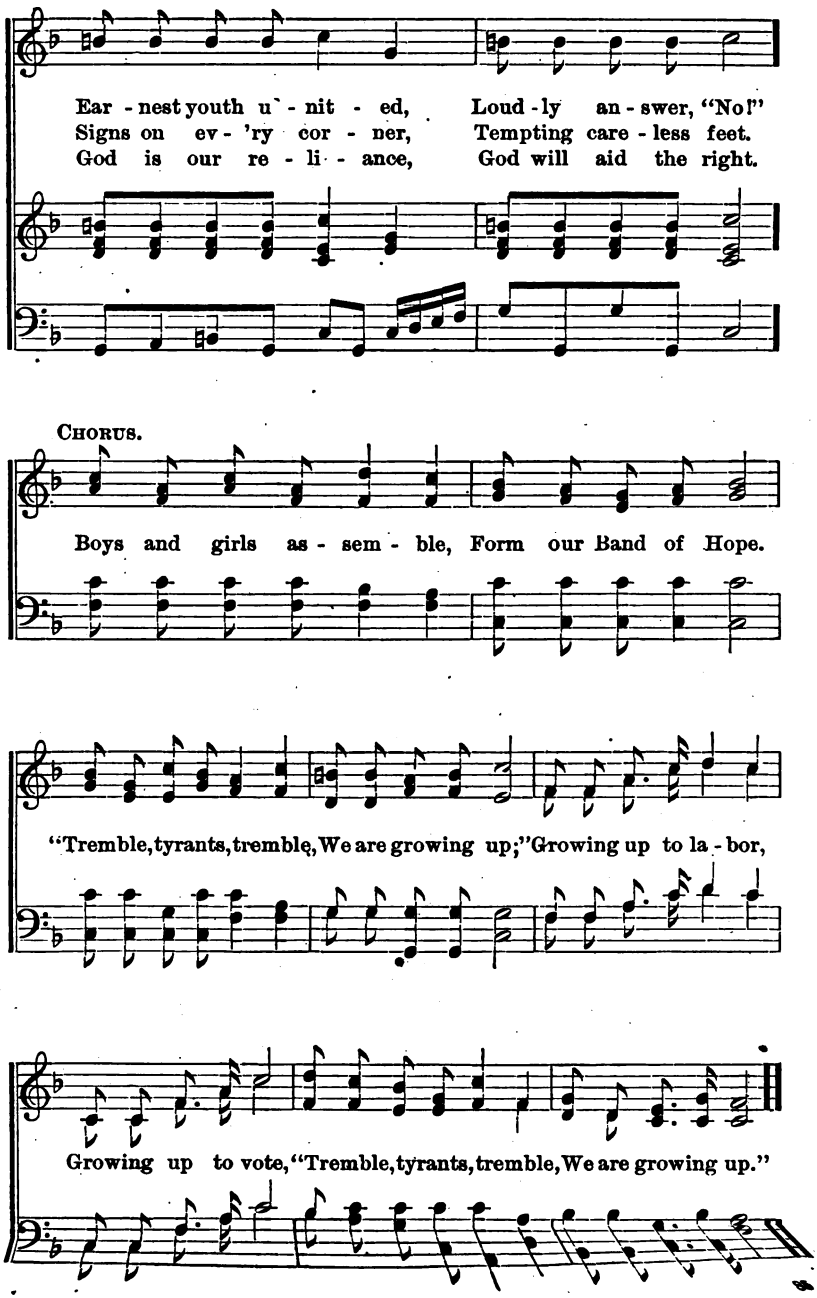
WE ARE GROWING UP.



No. 72. MY DARLING BOY.

A. W. Hawks. Alt. DUET AND CHORUS. Frank M. Davis.

Con espress.

1. O God! O God! I loved him so, My darl - ing
2. Just in the morn - ing of life's day When it was
3. The de - mon fast - ened on his brain, And weak and
4. The de - mon chained his pre- cious soul; O God! not

boy, my on - ly boy; He was my all— ah, woe! ah,
like the fair - est spring, The tempter led his feet a-
pal - sied it be - came; The de - mon touched his up - right
e'en my ear - nest prayer Could keep that treas - ure from the

woe! He was my on - ly love—my joy; For him went
stray, To drink the foul and bes - tial thing. His lips, warm
form, And bowed his up - right-ness in shame. The de - mon
bowl, All that he was must per - ish there. This pale, dead

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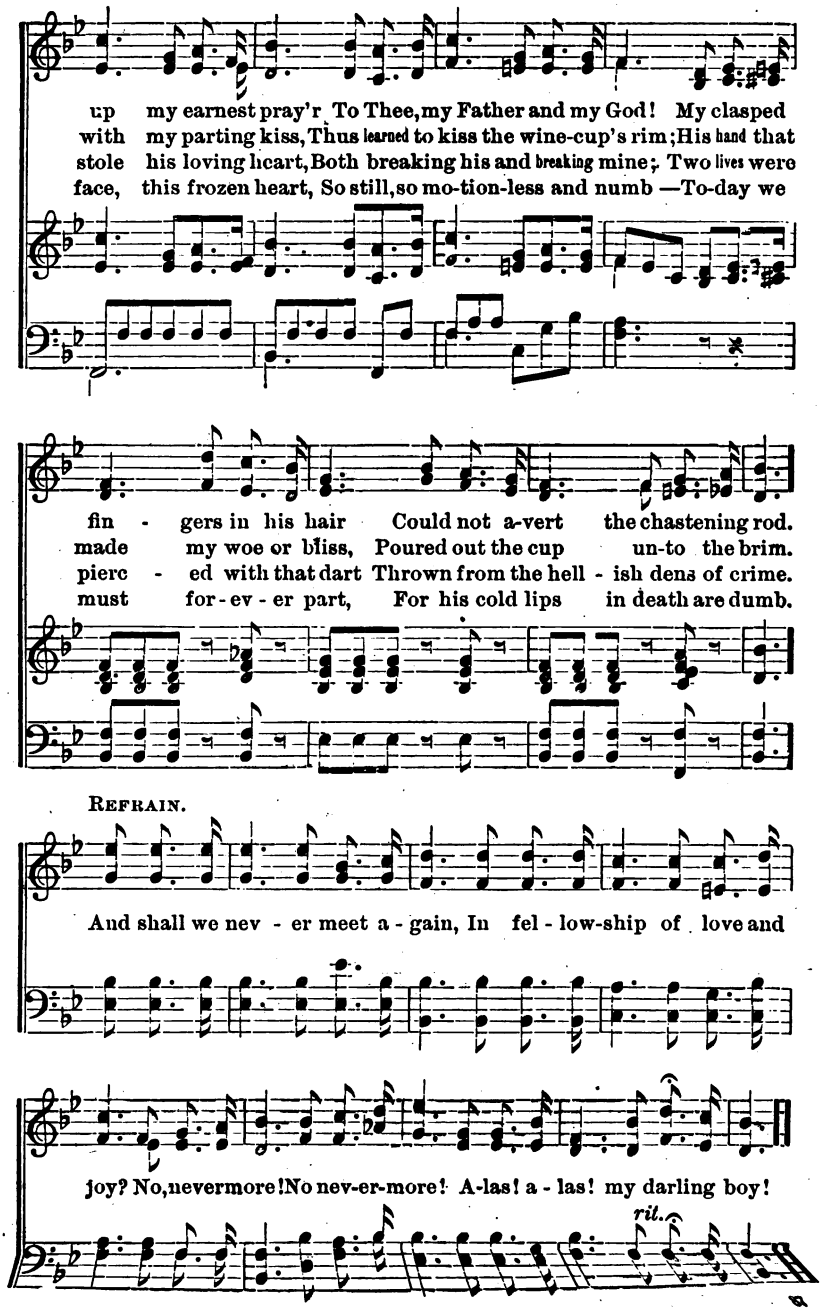
MY DARLING BOY.



No. 73. 'TIS ONLY A DREAM.

J. P. L. J. P. LANE.

1. 'Tis on - ly a dream of the old home so dear; How thrilling the
2. 'Tis on - ly a dream of the old home I love — The hum of the
3. 'Tis on - ly a dream, yet I lin - ger and look Along the green
4. 'Tis on - ly a dream—there's a vision more sweet. When day-dreams are

scenes to my sad heart ap-pear, They nev - er can fade from my
bee and the coo of the dove, The or - chard and meadow and
banks of the clear babbling brook; 'Twas there in the evening's dim
end - ed, Oh, then I shall meet With par - ent and broth - er and

Yes, shin - ing like jew - els from

FINE.

vis-ion's bright skies, Thus causing the sad tears to flow from my eyes.
beau - ti - ful rill, Like sunbeams they shine on my mem-o-ry still,
twi-light we met, And whispered of love, Oh! I ne'er can for - get.
sis - ter so dear, And all of the loved ones of earth, o - ver there.

out the deep past, Are mem - o - ries sweet that will ev - er - more last.

CHORUS. D.S.

Oh, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful visions of youth, When only I sang of love, virtue, and truth;

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No. 74. VOTE IT DOWN.

EDWARD VINCENT. J. H. T.

1. Vote the curse of liq - uor down, Vote it down! Vote it down!
2. Hy-dra-head-ed shape of sin, Vote it down! Vote it down!
3. Vot-er! king! thy scepter sway, Vote it down! Vote it down!
4. Vote for righteousness and peace, Vote it down! Vote it down!

Vote it down! Vote it down!

Curse of coun-try, curse of town, Vote it down! Vote it down!
Lure that lures the young man in, Vote it down! Vote it down!
Ere 'tis nightfall, while 'tis day, Vote it down! Vote it down!
Vote the drink slave's swift release, Vote it down! Vote it down!

Vote it down, yes, vote it down!

When un-to the polls you go, Freeman, strike one mighty blow, Lay the
Trap for care-less hu-man feet Thronging thick the cit-y's street, Death is
Rum yields ru-in, shame, and crime; Rule it from the realm of time By your
Vote against the licensed still, Licensed dramshop and ginmill; Slay to

fie - ry drag - on low. Vote it down! Vote it down!
sure and doom is fleet; Vote it down! Vote it down!
bal - lot-power sublime, Vote it down! Vote it down!
save, and strike to kill, Vote it down! Vote it down!

Vote it down, yes, Vote it down!

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No. 75. I'LL TAKE WHAT FATHER TAKES.

W. HOYLE. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. The board was filled with choic - est fare, The
2. An emp - ty glass be - fore the youth Soon
3. Swift as an ar - row went the words In -
4. Have I not seen the strong - est fall, The

guests sat down to dine; Some call'd for "bitters," some for "stout," And
drew the wait - er near; "What will you take, sir?" he inquired, "Stout,
to his fa- ther's ears, And soon a conflict deep and strong A-
fair - est led a - stray? And shall I on my on - ly son Be -

some for ro - sy wine. A-mong this joy-ful com - pa - ny A
bit-ter, mild or clear? We've rich supplies of foreign port; We've
woke ter-rif - ic fears; The fa - ther look'd upon his son, Then
stow a curse this day? No, Heaven forbid! Here, waiter, bring Bright

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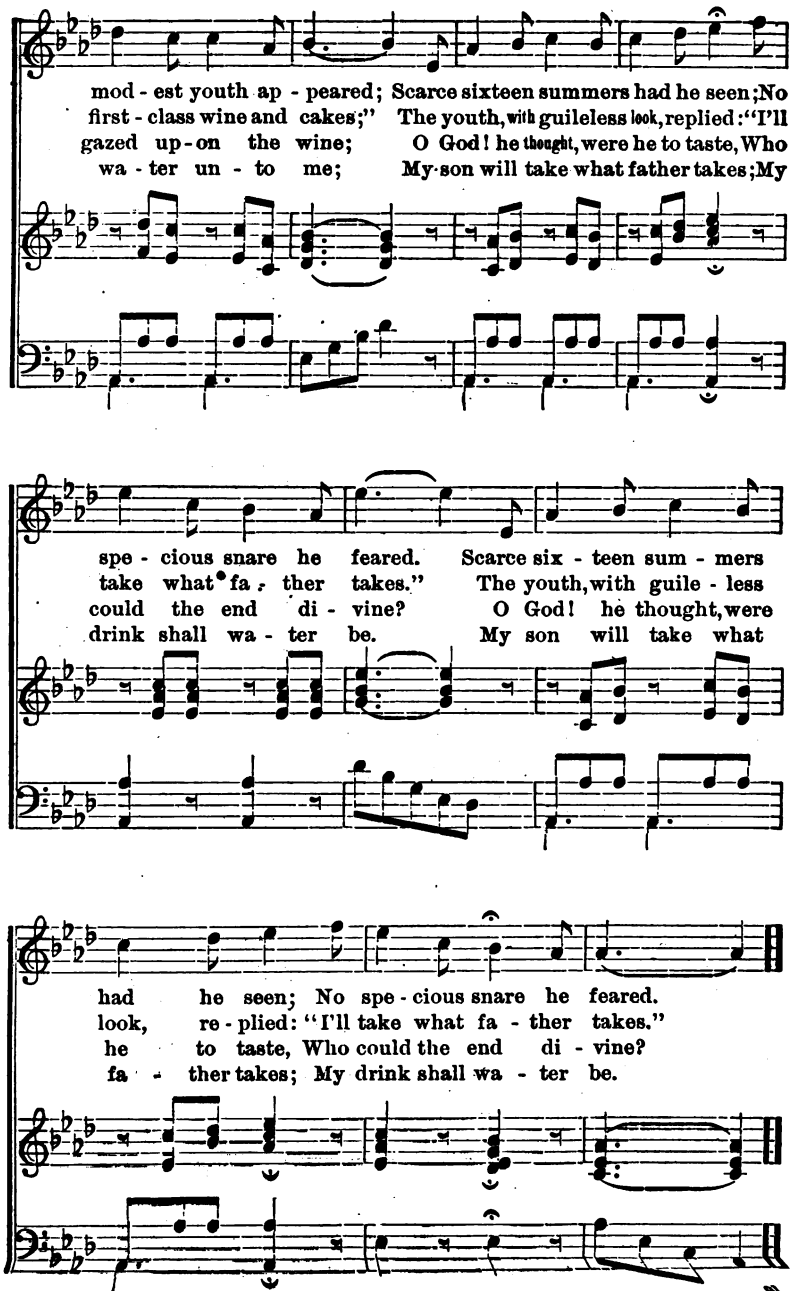
I'LL TAKE WHAT FATHER TAKES.



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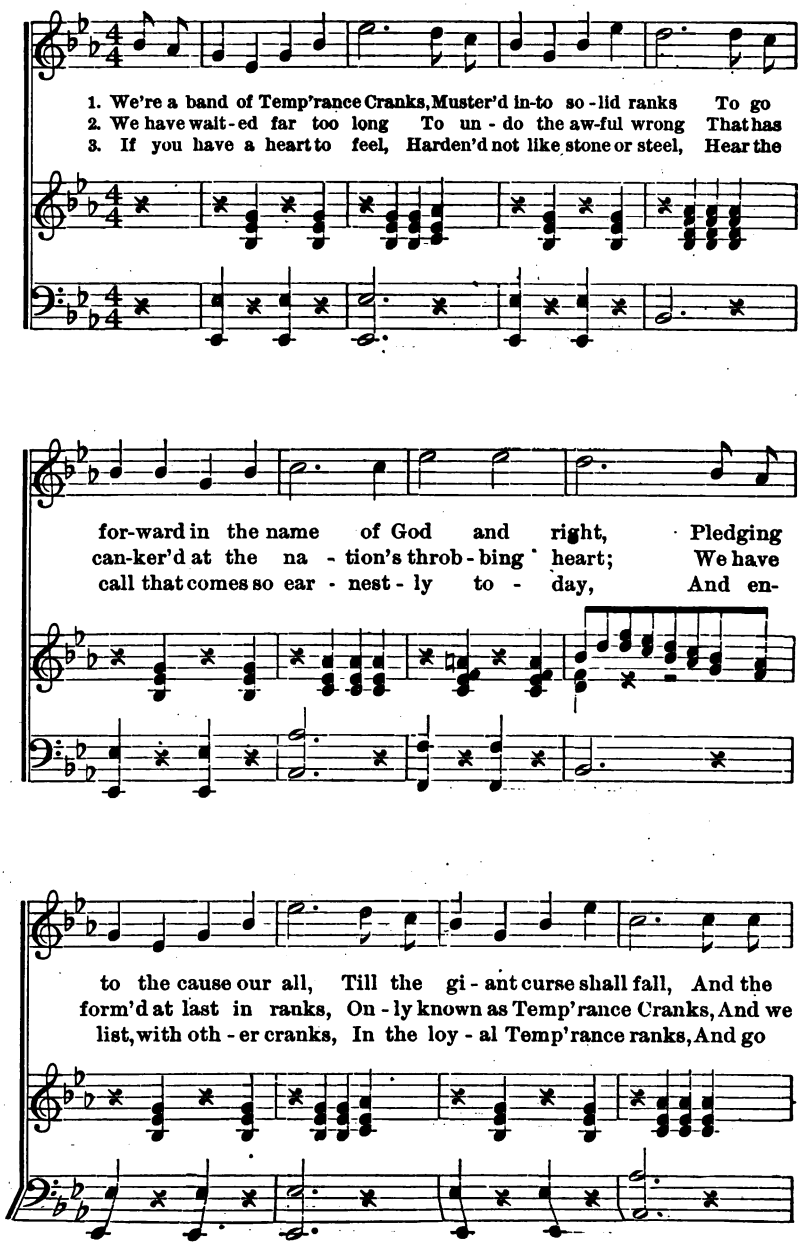
No. 76. TEMPERANCE CRANKS.

ELI CRANK. J. H. ROSECRANS.



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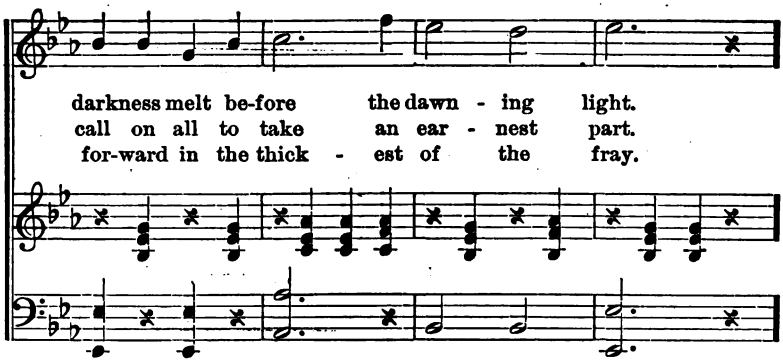
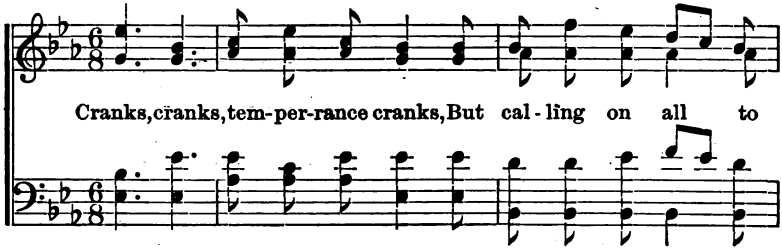
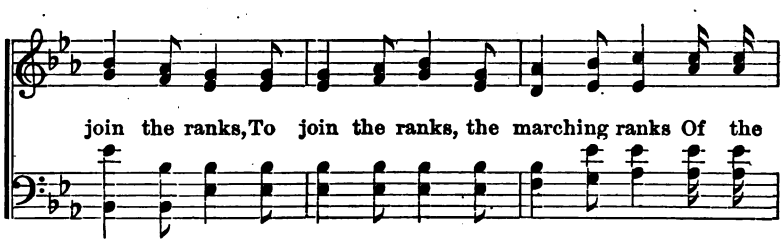
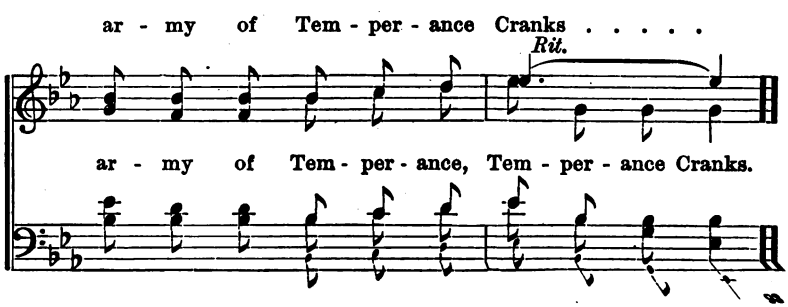
TEMPERANCE CRANKS.



CHORUS.







No. 77. EVERY DAY.

Rev. E. H. Stokes, D. D. J. H. Tenney.

1. Tho' there may be shades of sad-ness Ev-'ry day, *Ev-'ry day;*
2. You may have your lit - tle cross - es Ev-'ry day, *Ev-'ry day;*
3. In the path of life you wea - ry Ev-'ry day, *Ev-'ry day;*

There are gold - en gleams of glad-ness Ev -'ry day, *Ev -'ry day;*
You may meet with lit - tle loss - es Ev -'ry day, *Ev -'ry day;*
Some-thing hap - pens, oh, so drear-y, Ev -'ry day, *Ev -'ry day;*

There is joy a - mid the sighing, Laughter ringing thro' the crying,
Never mind! each cross will lighten, Grief in all your loss -es brighten,
Patience! faith must have its testing; This is love's own mani-fest-ing,

Rit.

Love to love with smiles replying, Ev'ry day, *Ev'ry day*, Ev-'ry day.
If your hold on God shall tighten Ev'ry day, *Ev'ry day*, Ev-'ry day.
And you're getting nearer resting Ev'ry day, *Ev'ry day*, Ev-'ry day.

4 Seek to lighten some one's sorrow
Every day;
This will bring a sweeter morrow
Every day;
Faint, it may be, yet pursuing,
All the Christly graces wooing,
And some little good be doing,
Every day.

5 Tell the ever blessed story
Every day;
So shall earth be filled with glory
Every day;
Cheer thee! skies are growing clearer,
Dear ones all becoming dearer.
And our home is so much nearer,
Every day.

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No. 78. DOING GOOD TO OTHERS.

MALE VOICES.

E. A. H. J. H. TENNEY.

1. The sun in rich pro - fu - sion pours His cheering beams o'er
2. The lit - tle rill flows gai - ly on,—All sparkling in the
3. The clouds that o - ver us im - pend, And hold the wa - ter

vale and hill, And scatters sunshine all a-round, Till earth and sky with
sunny sheen,—And laves, with its refreshing stream, The fertile banks it
of the rain, Refreshing showers will downward send To make the earth look

glo - ry fill: So let us beam on saddened ones The
flows be - tween; So let us send a flow of cheer To
glad a - gain; So let us send a flood of joy To

ten - der smile of sym - pa - thy, And fill the wretch - ed
hearts de - spond-ent and depressed,—A cup of wa - ter,
cheer the hearts weighed down with grief; A lit - tle sun - shine

hand of want With gifts of love and char - i - ty.
kind - ly given, May com - fort man - y a trou - bled breast.
here and there, To bur - dened sonls will bring re - lief.

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No. 79. DRINK NOT THE TEMPTING WINE.

C. W. Ray. FOR MALE VOICES. Chas. Edw. Prior.

1. O drink, drink, drink but not the tempting wine; Bend not in shame be -
2. O drink, drink, drink but not the tempting wine; To sin and death let
3. O drink, drink, drink but not the tempting wine; Tho' all the world to

fore the drunkards shrine; Drink from the spring, or from the crystal rill, But
not thy steps incline; With all its bright and tempting ruddy glow, 'Twill
tempt thee may combine; O drink, drink, drink! ye mer-ry hopeful boys, But

pp

drink ye not the poi - son of the still. O, drink, drink, drink, drink,
blight thy hopes and prove a deadly foe.
not the draught that maddens and destroys.

pp

Chorus.

1st Tenor. pp

Drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink from the crystal rill;
Drink from the spring, or from the crystal rill;

2nd Tenor.

Drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, from the crystal rill; But

Bass. pp

drink, drink, but

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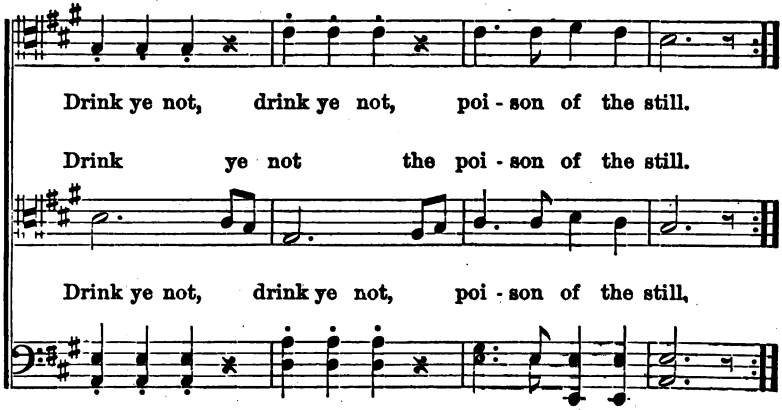
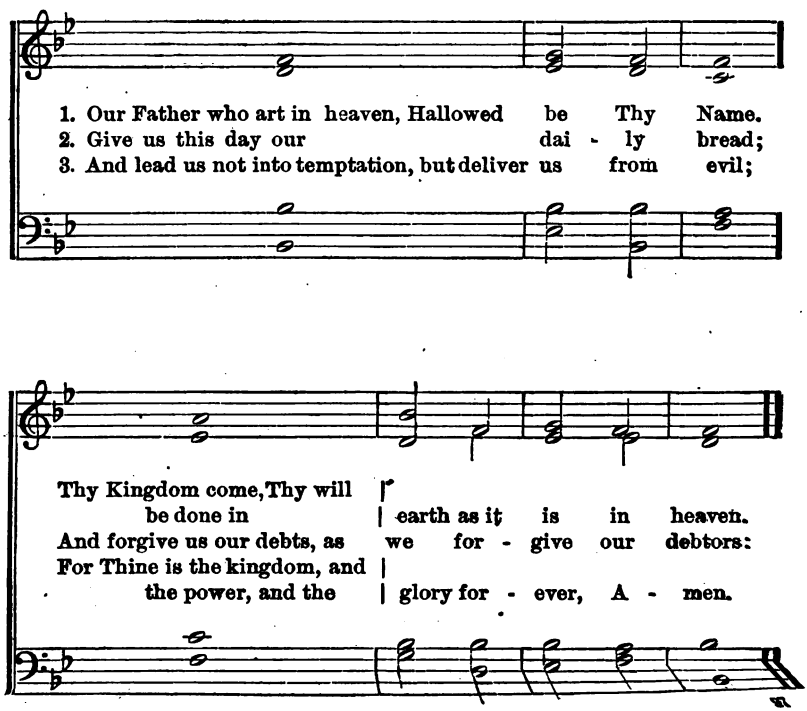
DRINK NOT THE TEMPTING WINE.



No. 80. THE LORD'S PRAYER.



No. 81. HAVE COURAGE, BOYS, TO DO THE RIGHT.

W. N. E. J. F. DIBNEY.

1. Have courage, boys, to do the right! Life's bat - tle must be fought, And those who strive will win the fight; Success can not be bought;
2. Have courage, boys, to do the right In ev - ery lit - tle thing! No sin is small in Heav-en's sight, And trouble sure 'twill bring.
3. Have courage, boys, to do the right! Be bold, be brave, be strong! By do -ing right we get the might To o - vercome the wrong.
4. Have courage, boys, to do the right, Like he - roes of re nown; For on- ly those who bear the fight Can hope to wear the crown.
5. Have courage, boys, go on and win; Walk in the good old way; Strive day by day to conquer sin, And ev - er watch and pray;

For cowards ne'er can win the day, Nor men who i - dly pace,
The wise and good can safe -ly stand Where others sure - ly fall,
'Tis on - ly those who ev - il do That feel a cow - ard fear,
Let man- li -ness your standard be, Nor heed the scoff and jeer;
Suc -cess will come; still perse- vere, And keep the prize in sight;

'Tis on - ly those who work a -way Who gain the fore-most place.
For goodness strengthens ev'ry hand, And makes strong men of all.
So let your lives be good and true, And keep your conscience clear.
Seek af - ter truth and pur - i - ty, And ho - ly, fil - ial fear.
Help from on high your heart will cheer While fighting for the right.

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HAVE COURAGE, BOYS, TO DO THE RIGHT.

CHORUS.

Be pure, and true, Be bold, and brave, and strong, Do
Be pure, and true, and brave, and strong,

right, do right, And o - ver - come the wrong.
Do right, do right,

No. 82. MOUNT THE PROMISE-HILLS.

Words arranged. IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.

1. Dark seems the sky, And men's weary hearts are fail - ing,
2. O men so strong! Why un - to the darkness turn - ing?
3. Light in the east, And a bet - ter day is near - ing;
4. Men's ways are pur - er, And ev - erywhere earth brightens,

"Er - ror's clouds are thick," they cry, And bur - dened ones are
Mount God's prom-ise - hills and look, The signs of morn dis -
Er - ror's clouds that hung so thick Are quick - ly dis - ap -
Gain, tho' slow, is ver - y sure, The load, tho' wea - ry,

wail- ing, Courage! God will help the right, And send forth the light.
cern- ing, Mount the promise-hills so near, And God will appear.
pear- ing, Mount the promise-hills so near, And God will appear.
lightens, Mount the promise-hills so near, And God will appear.

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No. 83. CLOSE THE SALOONS.

W. E. Carmichael. Arr. W. H. Pontius.

1. Don't tell me be brave and use my will; My will has been dead years a-
2. A-way with your talk, I've heard it all, Don't of-fer a ser-mon to
3. Oh! lis-ten to me, ye good-ly souls! For wretched is man-y a
4. Then lend us your help, good peo-ple, all, To drive the rumsellers a-

go; . . The hard-er I strive, more weak I get, The
me; . . A-way with your pledge, and close the doors Of
man. . Who's long-ing to stop his life of drink, Be-
way; . Close all the sa-loons, and stop the woe They're

life of a drunkard's my woe; . . Ere long I shall per-ish in
haunts that I con-stant-ly see; . . So long as I see not the
gin-ning a new life a-gain; . . But there is a rum-shop wher-
caus-ing us day af-ter day; . . For then you may talk to the

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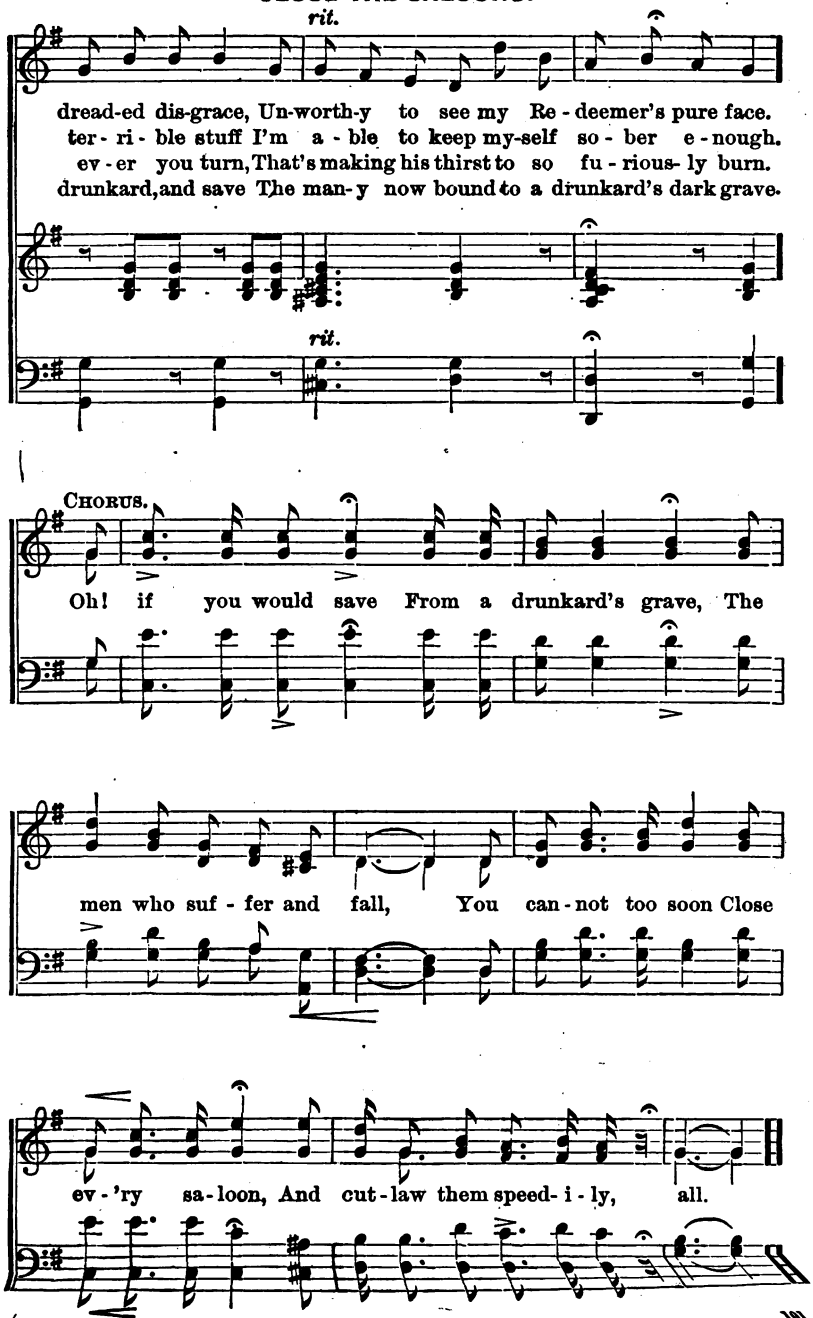
CLOSE THE SALOONS.



No. 84. COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.

Mrs. H. E. Jones. J. H. Tenney.

1. Come to the fountain of mer-cy, Come with thy sin and thy woe,
2. Come to the fountain of heal-ing, Wea-ry ones waiting be-low;
3. Hear the sweet promise of Je-sus, Wait-ing His mer-cy to show;
4. Je-sus "delight-eth in mer-cy;" All His sal-va-tion may know;

Bathe in the life-giv-ing wa-ters, Come, and be white as the snow.
Come, and find rest in its wa-ters, Come, and be white as the snow.
"Come, tho' your sins be like crimson, They shall be white as the snow."
Come, all the world to this fountain, Come, and be white as the snow.

Chorus.

Come to the foun-tain of love, . . . Come to the foun-tain of
Come to the foun-tain of love, . . . 'Tis
love, . . . Come to the foun-tain, 'Tis

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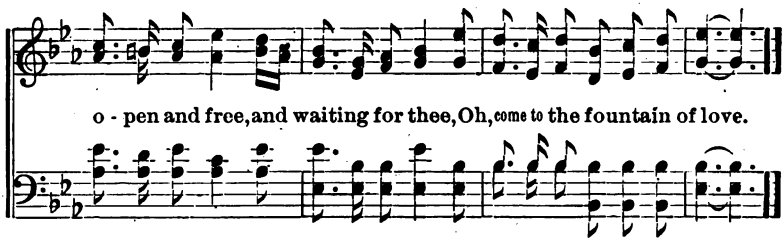
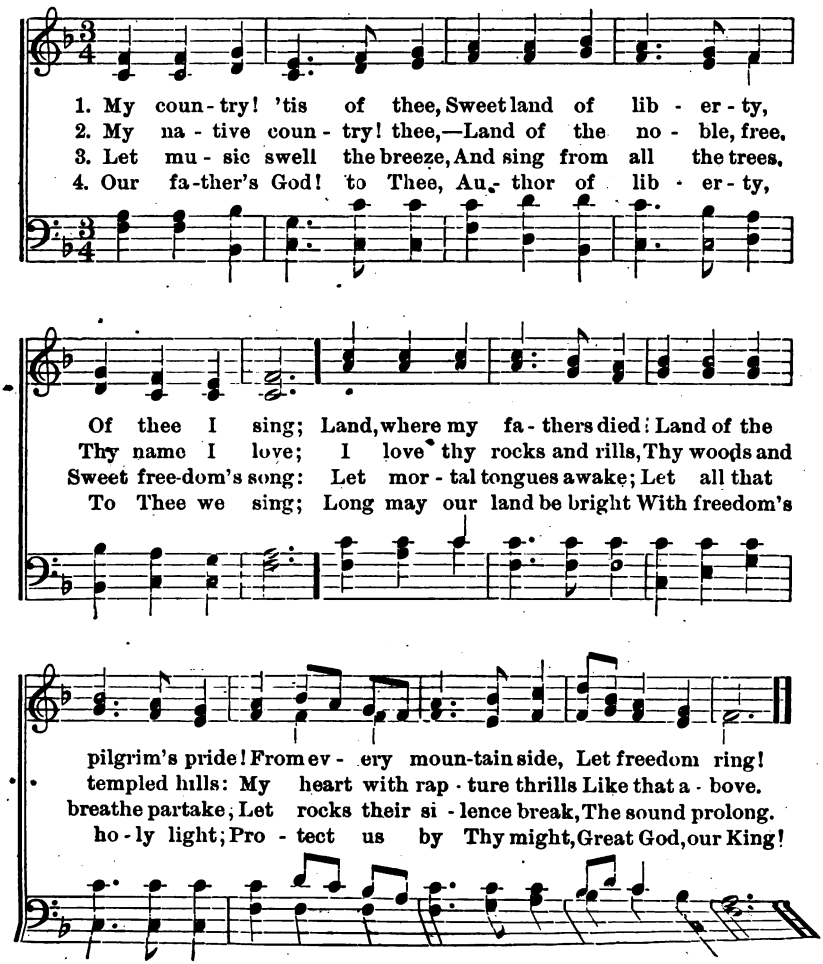
COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.

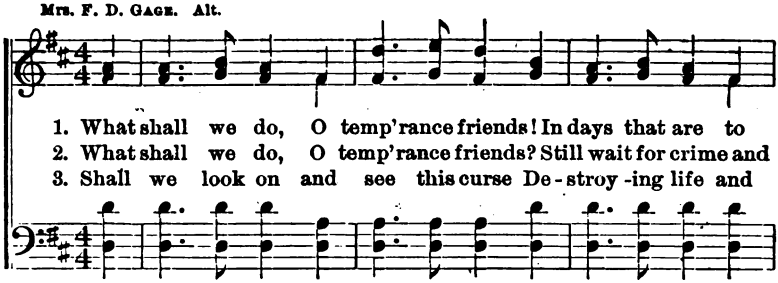


No. 85. AMERICA.

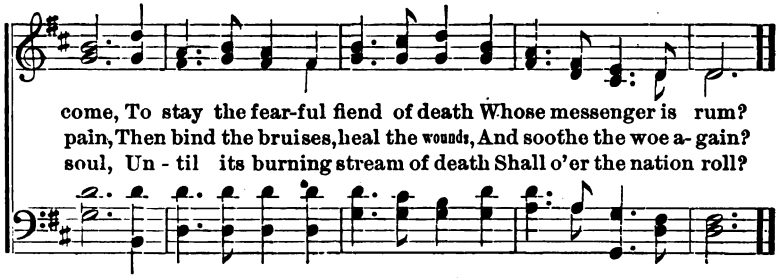


No. 86. WHAT SHALL WE DO?

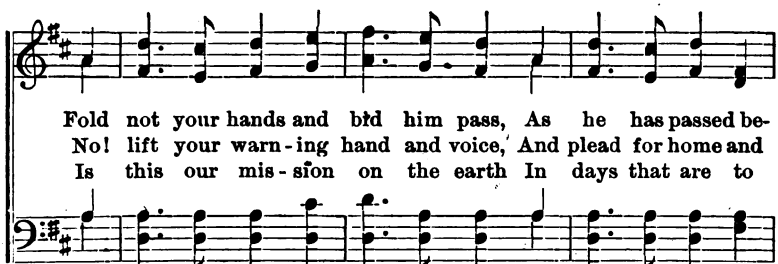
Mrs. F. D. Gage. Alt.



1. What shall we do, O temp'rance friends! In days that are to
2. What shall we do, O temp'rance friends? Still wait for crime and
3. Shall we look on and see this curse De-stroy-ing life and

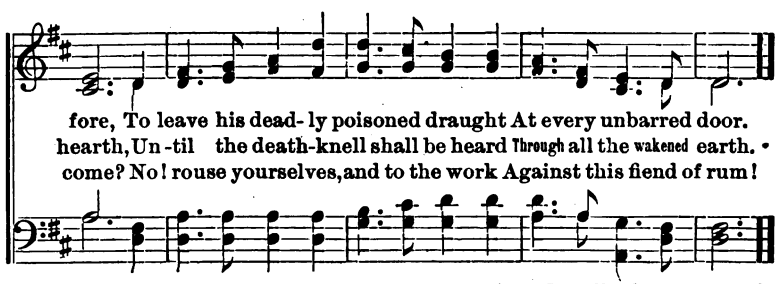


come, To stay the fear-ful fiend of death Whose messenger is rum?
pain, Then bind the bruises, heal the wounds, And soothe the woe a-gain?
soul, Un-til its burning stream of death Shall o'er the nation roll?



Fold not your hands and bid him pass, As he has passed be-
No! lift your warn-ing hand and voice, And plead for home and
Is this our mis-sion on the earth In days that are to

Cho.—*A-wake! a-rise! be firm and true! And God will be with*



fore, To leave his dead-ly poisoned draught At every unbarred door.
hearth, Un-til the death-knell shall be heard Through all the wakened earth.
come? No! rouse yourselves, and to the work Against this fiend of rum!

you; A-wake! a-rise! be firm and true, And He will help you through!

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No. 87. FIVE CENTS A GLASS.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. Alt. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. "Five cents a glass"—and do you think That that is all it costs to drink?
2. "Five cents a glass." How Satan laughed As o'er the bar the young man quaffed
3. "Five cents a glass." If that were all, The sacrifice would be but small!
4. "Five cents a glass." If you would know What some pay for their drink, then go

"Five cents a glass,"—I hear you say, "Is not so ver-y much to pay!" Ah!
The beaded liq-uor, for he knew The dreadful work that drink would do! Be-
The mon-ey is the least amount We pay, and he who keeps ac-count Will
All thro' the wretched homestead there With dingy windows, broken stair, Hopes

no indeed, the one small sum You pass so nimbly from your thumb,
fore the morn the vic-tim lay, His life-blood ebbing swift a-way;
learn the fearful waste and blight That follows from the ap-pe-tite;
blighted, woe no tongue can tell, Within the ver-y fires of hell;

If that were all you gave away, Would not be ver-y much to pay.
That was the price he paid, a-las! For what he called a so-cial glass.
"Five cents a glass." And do you think It costs no more to take a drink?
These are the fearful price men pay To quaff the cup from day to day.

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No. 88. BRING THEM TO JESUS.

E. A. H. W. A. OGDEN.

DUET.

1. Why this sad wail - ing o'er land and o'er sea?
2. Com - rades, a - wak - en, and hear the sad cry!
3. Bring them to Je - sus! His mer - cy is free;
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, hast - en to save

Why this sor - row and sigh - - - - ing?
Souls for suc - cor are call - - - - ing;
With His peace He will bless them;
Souls al - lured by temp - ta - - - - tion.

Why the deep an - guish we dai - ly see?
Hast - en to save ere they per - ish at last
What a kind Sav - iour and Friend is He!
Res - cue the fath - er, the broth - ers, sons;

Souls are per - ish - ing, dy - - ing.
Un - der a doom so ap - pall - ing.
At the throne He'll con - fess . . them.
Christ will bring them sal - va - - tion.

CHORUS.

Res - cue the per - ish - ing, save the lost, Out on the

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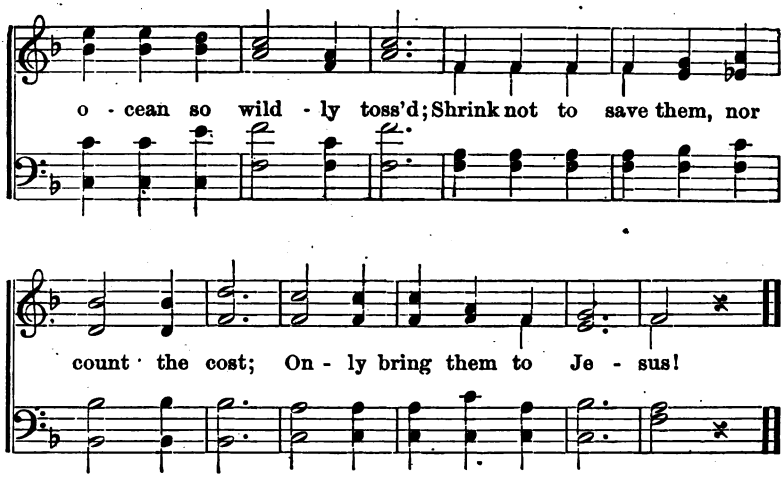
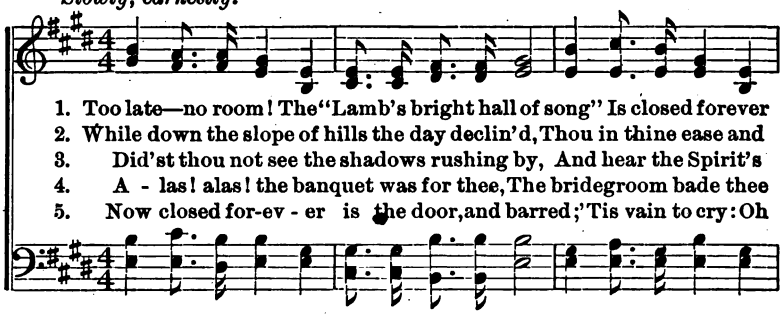
BRING THEM TO JESUS.



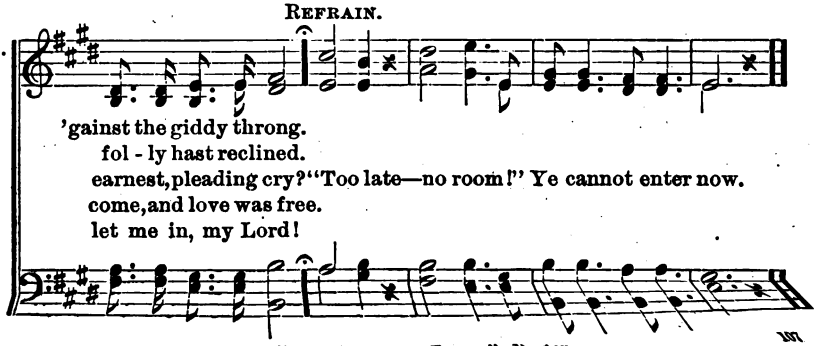
No. 89. TOO LATE—NO ROOM!

MRS. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

Slowly, earnestly.



REFRAIN.



From "SONGS OF FAITH." By per.

No. 90. GET OFF THE FENCE!

EDGAR A. HOLME.

1. The trumpet call is sound-ing The call for vol - un-teers; The
2. The cause has need of sol - diers, And all should vol-un-teer To
3. The is - sue is a square one, The lines are clear-ly drawn, And

ranks are for - ward march-ing A - mid huz - zas and cheers; God
fight the migh - ty rum-fiend, Unmoved by threat or fear; A
ma - ny are the he - roes Who to the front have gone; But

bless the brave who mus - ter To drive the rum-fiend hence; The
few have been re - spond-ing A - mong the masses dense; The
some are in the rear - ward, Just look-ing on from thence, They

rest are "non-commit - tal" men Who are al-ways on the fence.
rest are "non-commit - tal" men Who are sit - ting on the fence.
are the "non-commit - tal" men Who are al-ways on the fence.

CHORUS.

Get off the fence, comrades, Get off the fence! 'Tis not the place for

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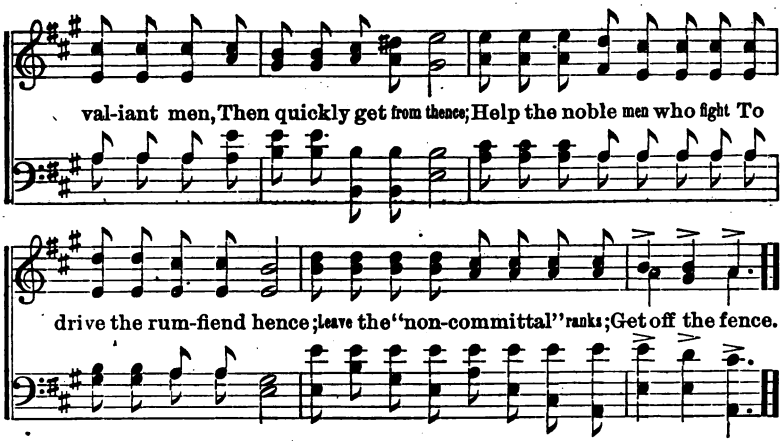
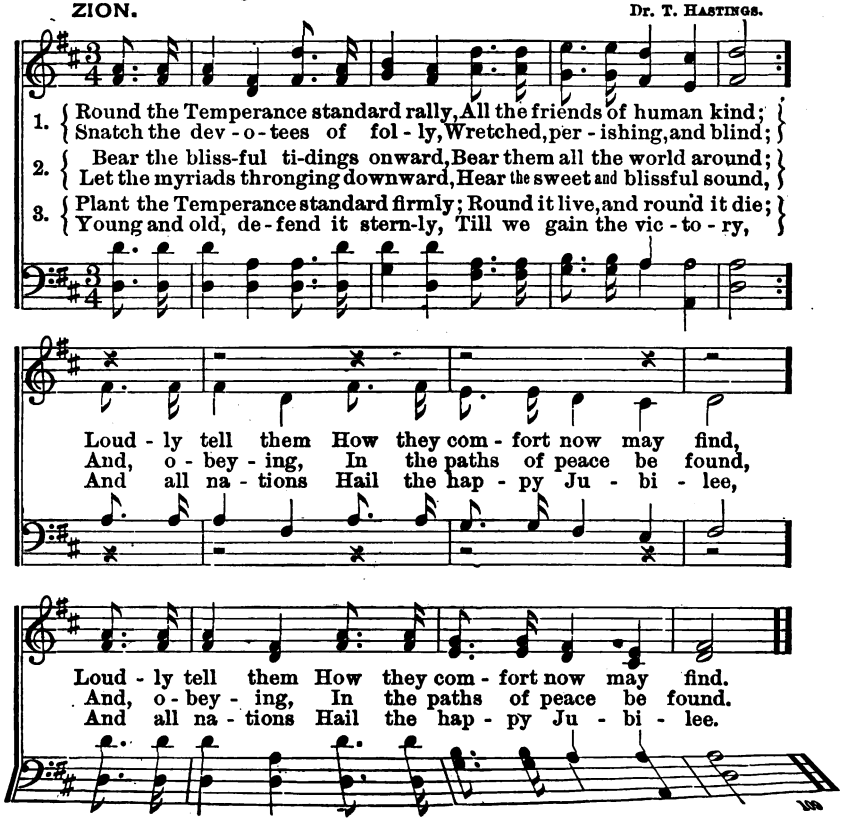
GET OFF THE FENCE!



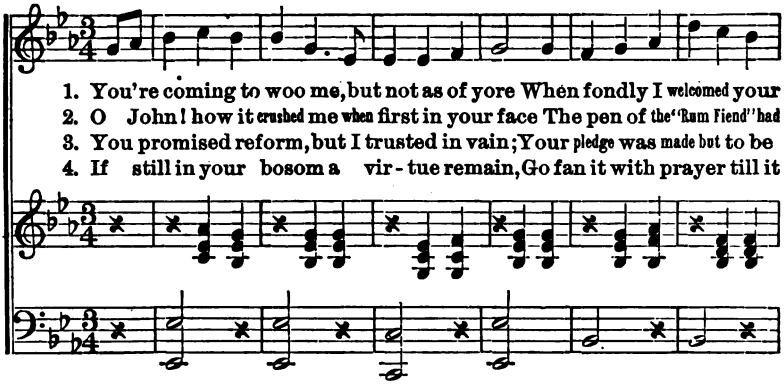
No. 91. ROUND THE TEMPERANCE STANDARD RALLY.

ZION. Dr. T. Hastings.

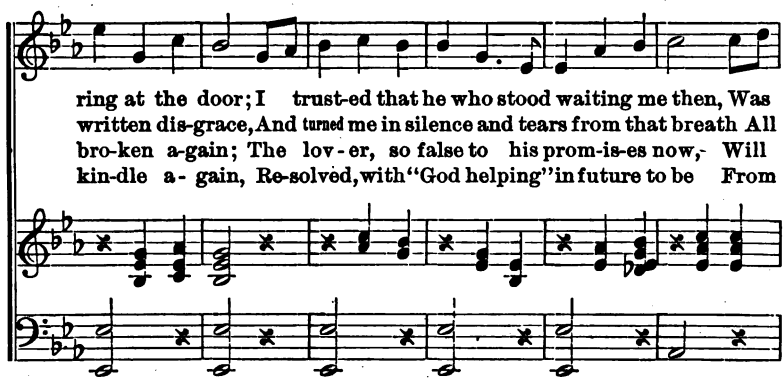


No. 92. THE LIPS THAT TOUCH LIQUOR.

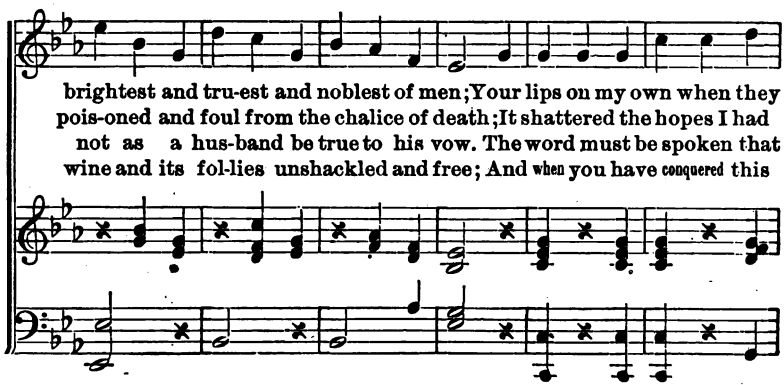
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. You're coming to woo me, but not as of yore When fondly I welcomed your
2. O John! how it crushed me when first in your face The pen of the "Rum Fiend" had
3. You promised reform, but I trusted in vain; Your pledge was made but to be
4. If still in your bosom a vir - tue remain, Go fan it with prayer till it



ring at the door; I trust-ed that he who stood waiting me then, Was
written dis-grace, And turned me in silence and tears from that breath All
bro-ken a-gain; The lov - er, so false to his prom-is-es now, Will
kin-dle a - gain, Re-solved, with "God helping" in future to be From



brightest and tru-est and noblest of men; Your lips on my own when they
pois-oned and foul from the chalice of death; It shattered the hopes I had
not as a hus-band be true to his vow. The word must be spoken that
wine and its fol-lies unshackled and free; And when you have conquered this

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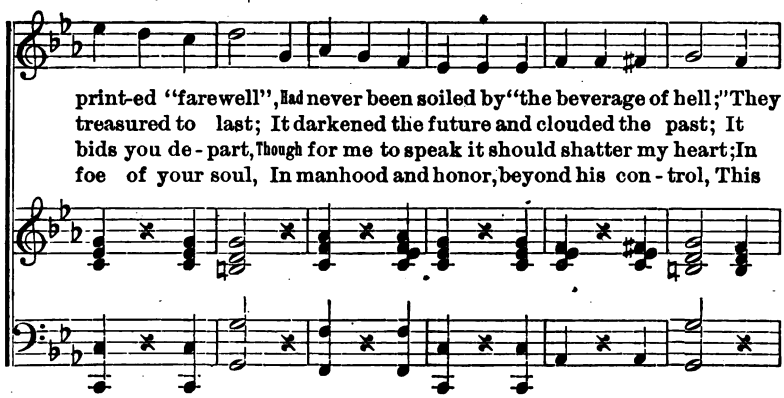
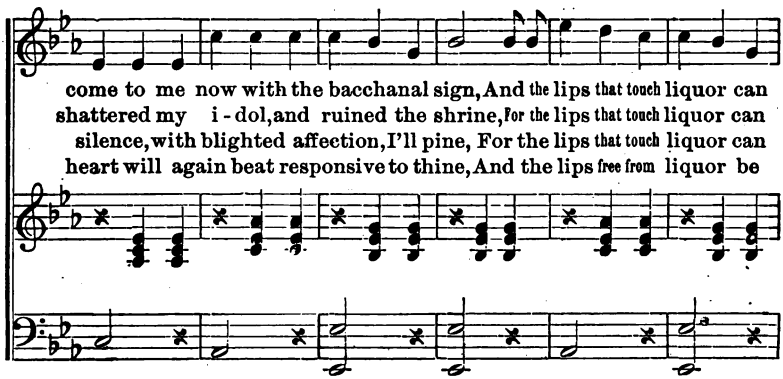
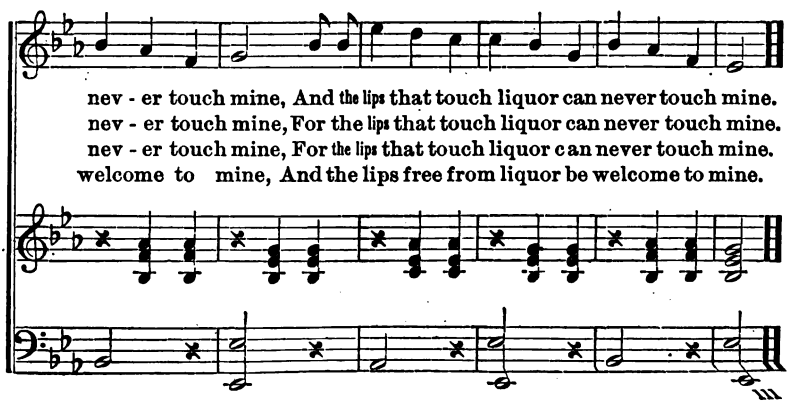
THE LIPS THAT TOUCH LIQUOR.



print-ed "farewell", Had never been soiled by "the beverage of hell;" They
treasured to last; It darkened the future and clouded the past; It
bids you de-part, Though for me to speak it should shatter my heart; In
foe of your soul, In manhood and honor, beyond his con-trol, This



come to me now with the bacchanal sign, And the lips that touch liquor can
shattered my i-dol, and ruined the shrine, For the lips that touch liquor can
silence, with blighted affection, I'll pine, For the lips that touch liquor can
heart will again beat responsive to thine, And the lips free from liquor be



nev-er touch mine, And the lips that touch liquor can never touch mine.
nev-er touch mine, For the lips that touch liquor can never touch mine.
nev-er touch mine, For the lips that touch liquor can never touch mine.
welcome to mine, And the lips free from liquor be welcome to mine.

No. 93. WHY DO YE FALTER AND FEAR?

FOR MALE VOICES.

E. A. H. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Men who are honest and true, Hear our ap-peal un - to you!
2. Have ye not hearts that can feel? Hardened are they as the steel?
3. Oh! by their anguish and tears! Oh! by their sor-row for years!

Man - y a-round you are fall - ing; Man - y for res - cue are call - ing; Rings not the cry in your ear?
Oh! 'tis hu-man - i - ty's cry; For as they suf - fer they sigh; Rings not their woe in your ear?
Oh! for the souls soon to break! Oh! for the dear Mas-ter's sake! Hear ye the heart- rend- ing call,

not their cry in your ear?
not their woe in your ear?
heart-rend-ing call,

Why do ye fal - ter and fear? Rings not their cry in your ye fal-ter and fear? not their
Why do ye fal - ter and fear? Rings not their woe in your ye fal-ter and fear? not their
Save ye the man-y that fall. Hear ye the heart-rending the man-y that fall.

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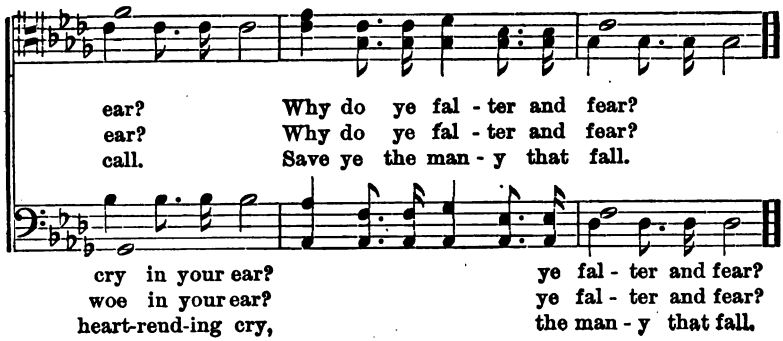
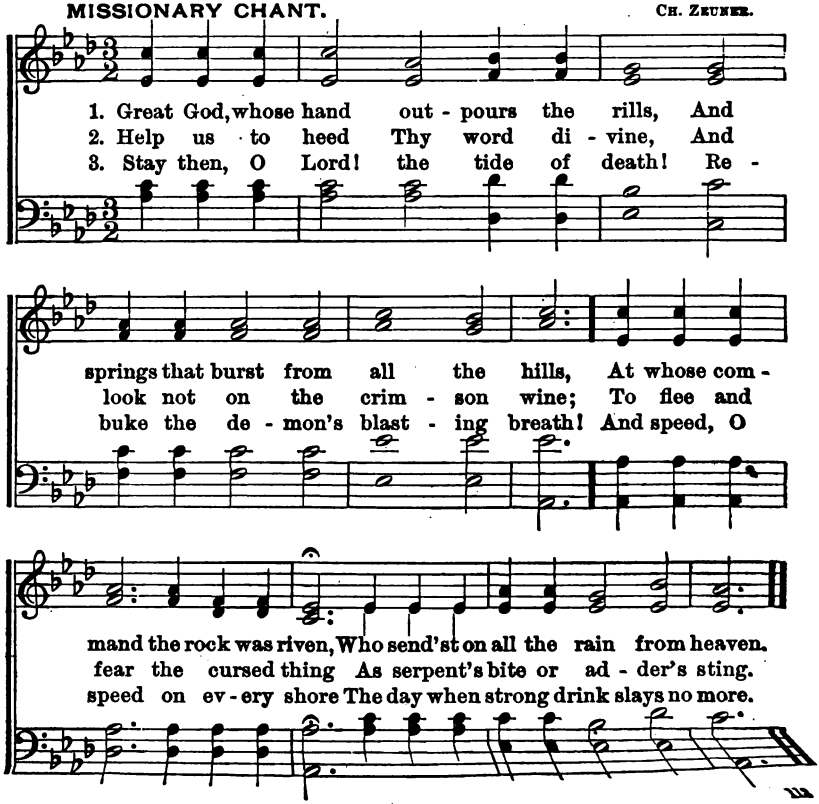


No. 94. GREAT GOD, WHOSE HAND OUTPOURS THE RILLS.

MISSIONARY CHANT. CH. ZEUNER.



No. 95. PERSONAL LIBERTY.

E. A. H.

A Quartet of Saloon Keepers.

1st & 2nd Tenor.

1. We on - ly want to give the land more grog-shops and sa- loons, More
2. We on - ly want the priv- i - lege to break the country's laws, And
3. We on - ly want these "radi - cals" to give "the boys" a chance To

1st & 2nd Bass.

places "where a *freeman* may be free" To drink his glass of grog or to
set a-side the Sabbath they or-dain; To do just as we please, all re-
have a good ca-rous-al eve - ry day, And nev-er to dis- turb our

sip his cup of beer, And to spend his time in wan-ton rev - el - ry.
gard-less of your peace, With no "rad-i - cal fa - nat - ic" to complain.
lawlessness and crime, But protect us while we take their rights away.

Chorus. A Band of Temperance Men and Women.

Sopr. & Alto.

Yes, this is what you *freemen* want, A lit - tle lib - er-ty To

Tenor & Bass.

do just as you please, Or right or wrong it be; And

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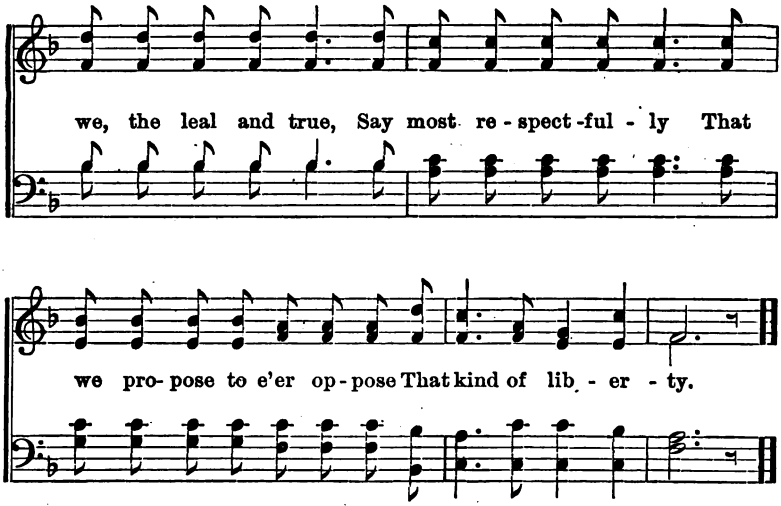
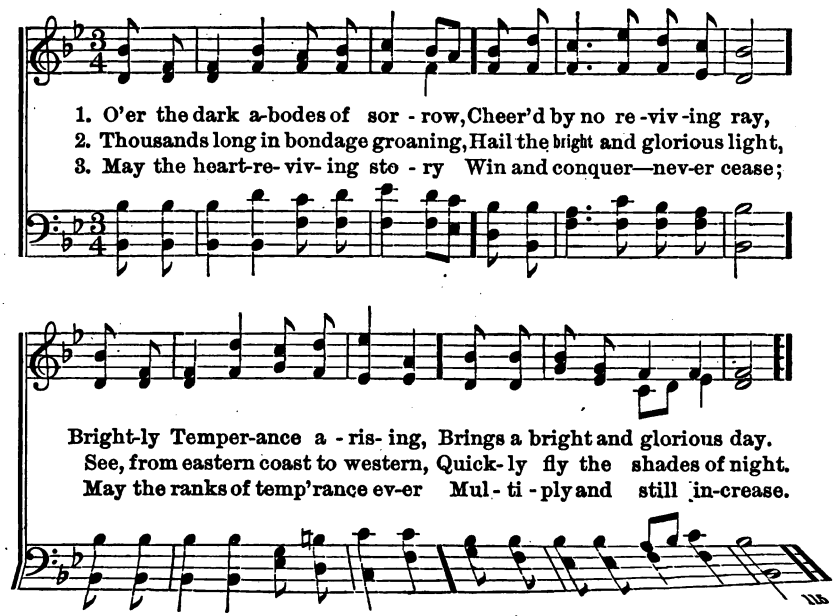
PERSONAL LIBERTY.



No. 96. O'ER THE DARK ABODES OF SORROW.

STOCKWELL.



No. 97 REMEMBER!

Words arranged by E. A. H. — Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Re-joice in thy youth, young man, In the world's allurement and glee, . . . And
2. Go look on the wine when red; How it foams and brightens the cup! . . . Go
3. Or turn from thy e-vil way To the world's Redeemer and thine; . . . This

fol-low the out-lined plan . . Of thy soul's de-prav - i - ty; . . . Walk
drain all its liq - uid drops . . Till they burn life's current up; . . . Go
mo-ment renounce all sin, . . And thy will to Him in-cline; . . The

still in the path of sin, . . . 'Mid the wild be-wil-der-ing blaze, . . And
in-to the halls of mirth . . . Till entranced and un-der the spell . . Of
light of His love will shine . . . In the heart for-giv-en and free, . . And

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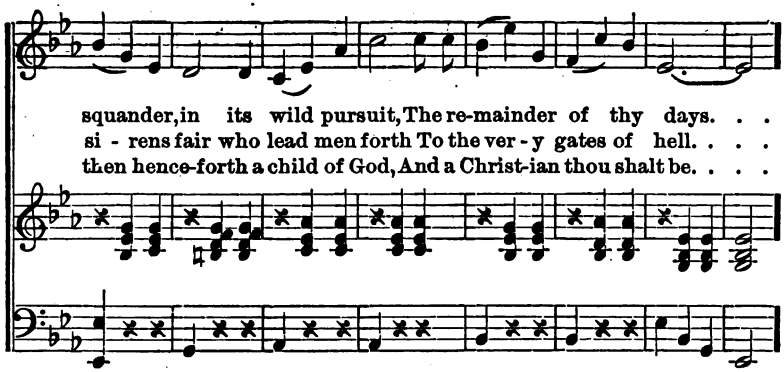
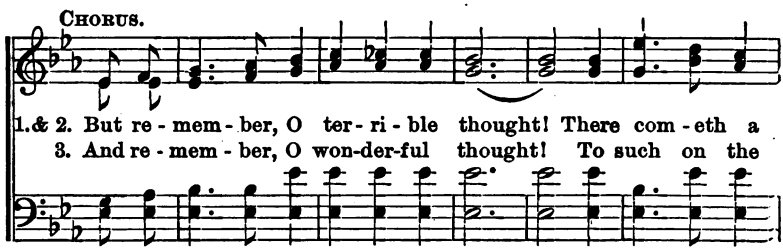
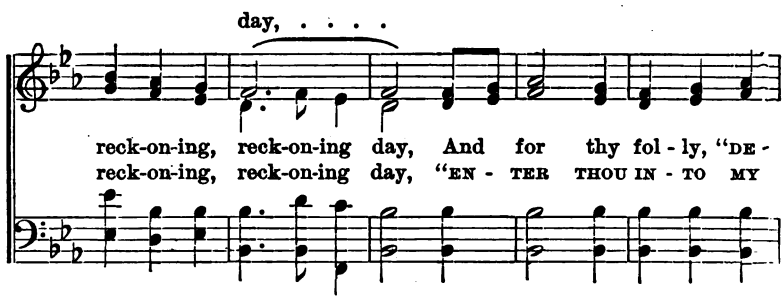


squander, in its wild pursuit, The re-mainder of thy days. . .
si - rens fair who lead men forth To the ver - y gates of hell. . . .
then hence-forth a child of God, And a Christ-ian thou shalt be. . . .



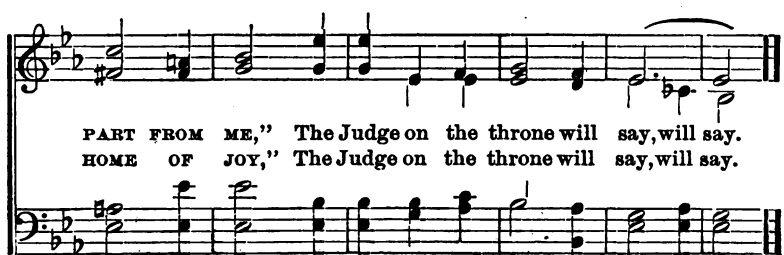
CHORUS.

1.& 2. But re - mem - ber, O ter - ri - ble thought! There com - eth a
3. And re - mem - ber, O won-der-ful thought! To such on the



day, ...

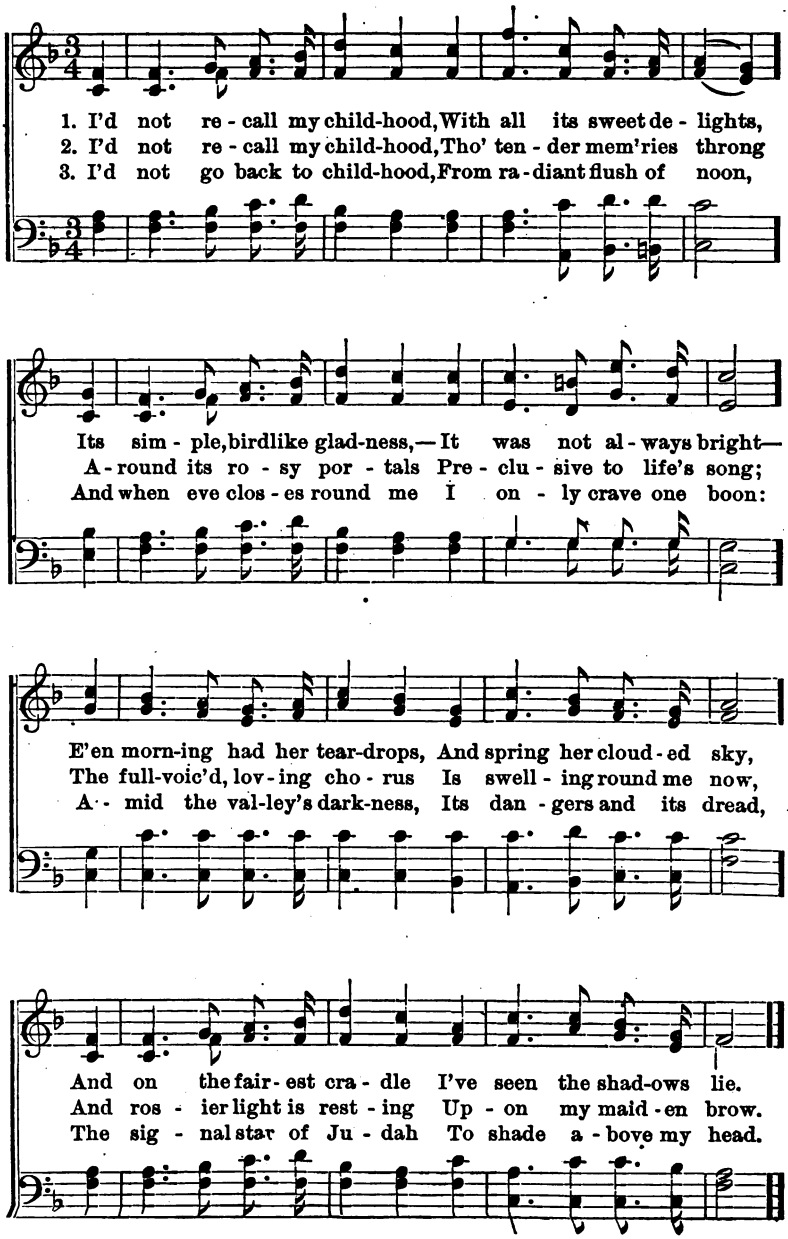
reck-on-ing, reck-on-ing day, And for thy fol - ly, "DE -
reck-on-ing, reck-on-ing day, "EN - TER THOU IN - TO MY



PART FROM ME," The Judge on the throne will say, will say.
HOME OF JOY," The Judge on the throne will say, will say.

No. 98. I'D NOT RECALL MY CHILDHOOD.

E. Cook.



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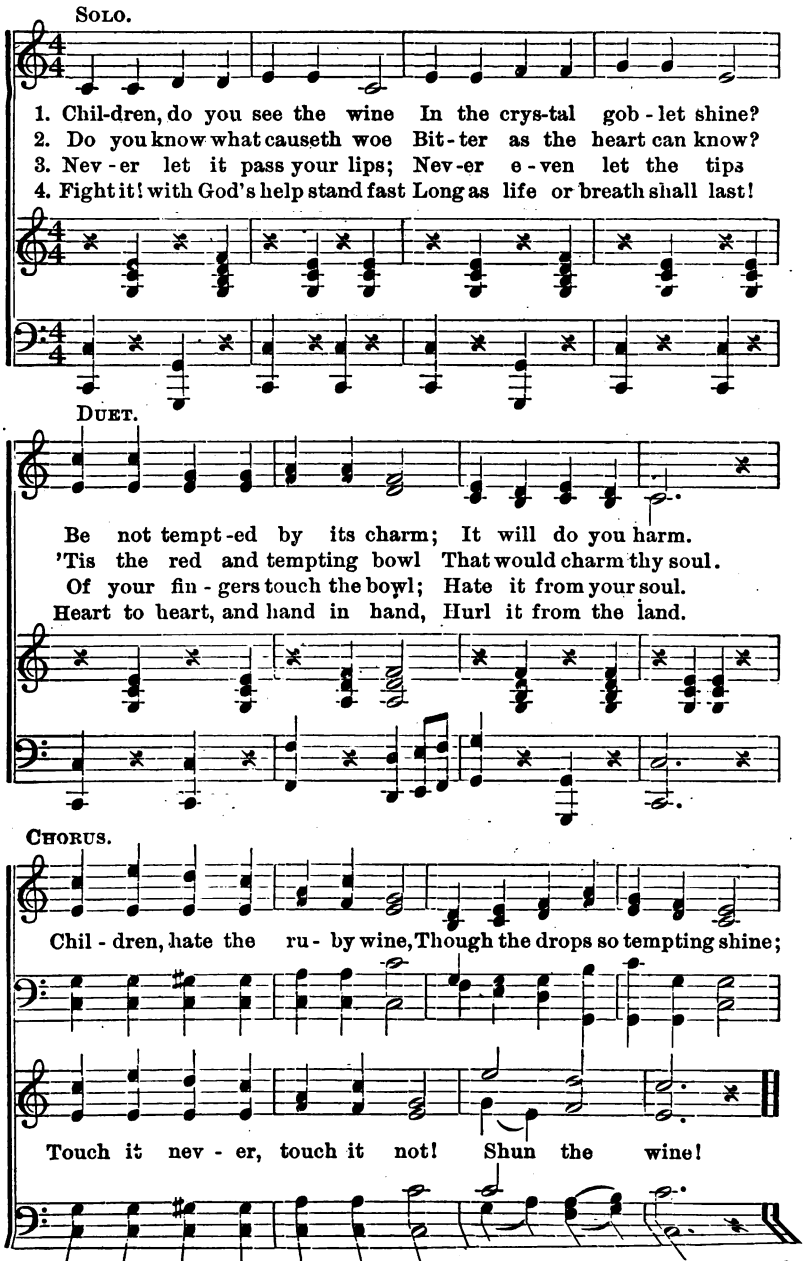
No. 99. CHILDREN, HATE THE RUBY WINE.

Arranged. E. A. Hoffman.



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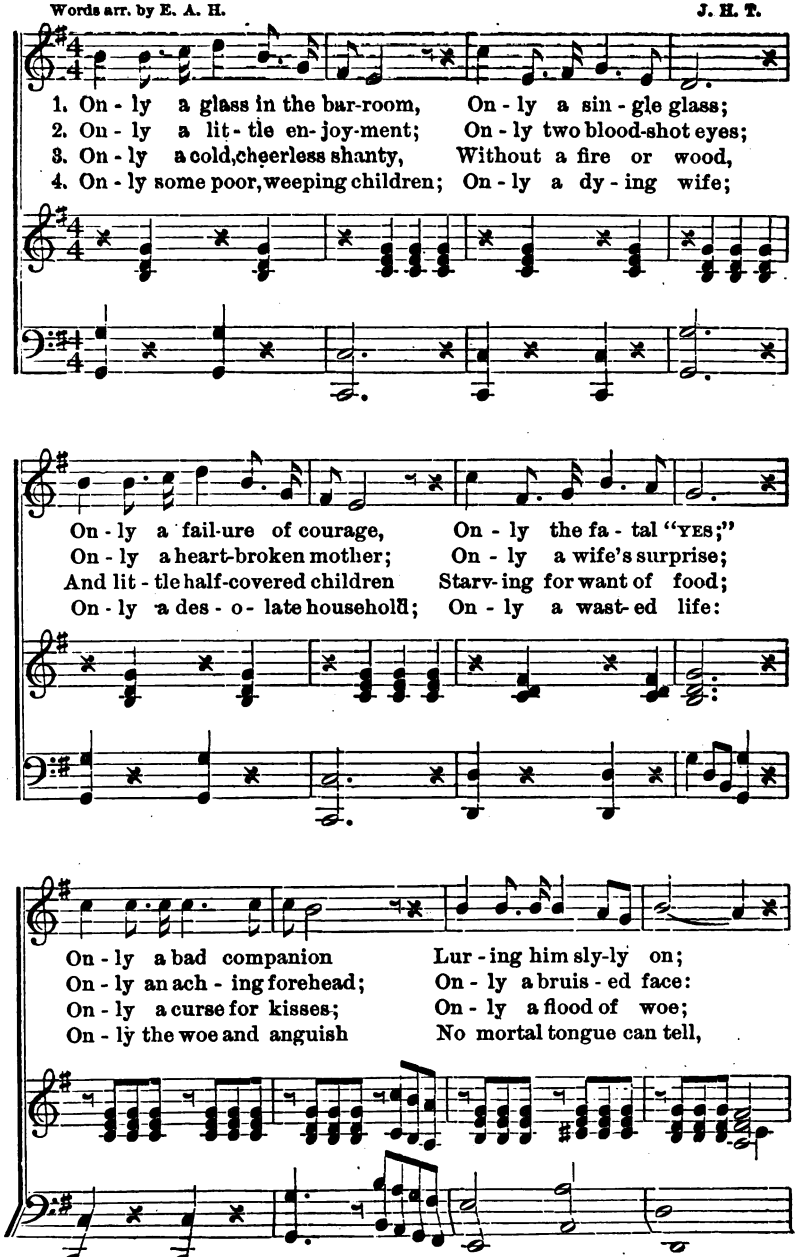
No. 100. ONLY.

Words arr. by E. A. H. J. H. T.



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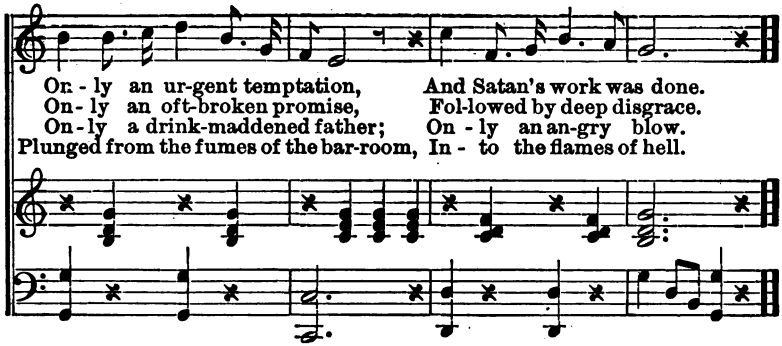
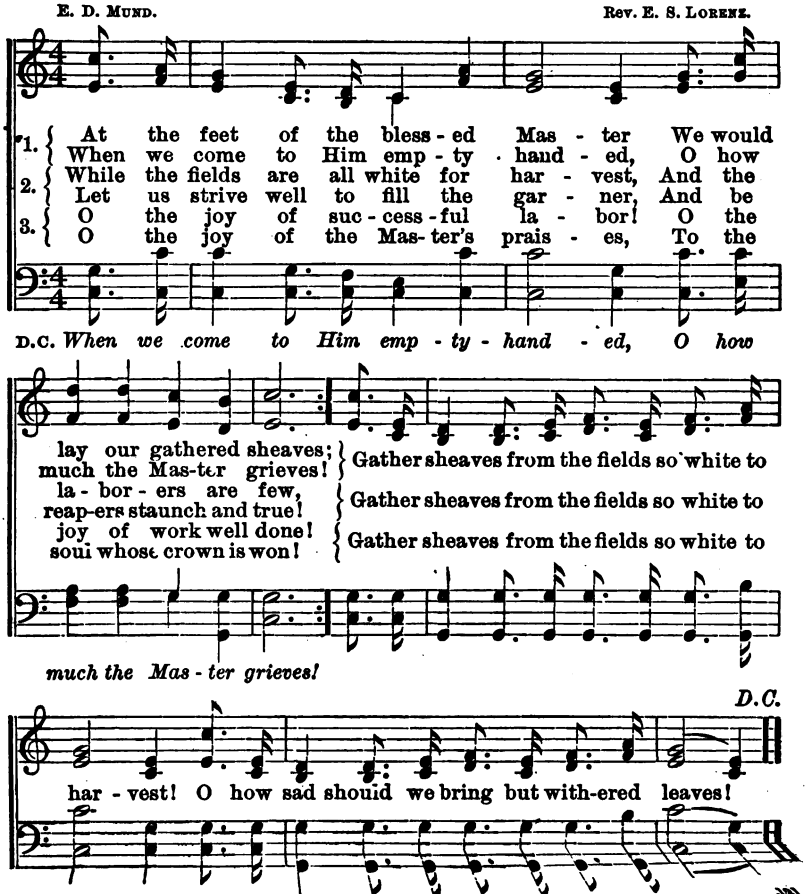


No. 101. GATHERED SHEAVES.

E. D. MUND. Rev. E. S. LORENZ.



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No. 102. HOLD UP THE LIGHT.

VIOLET E. KING. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Hold up the light, my brother, Raise high the temp'rance light,
2. Hold up the light, my brother, Then what-so'-er you do,
3. Hold up the light, my brother, The per - ish-ing to save

That all who are in er - ror, May see it shin-ing bright;
And in the way of du - ty, Be ev - er firm and true.
From paths that lead thro' darkness, Down to a drunkard's grave:

That they who now are cap - tives, At lib - er - ty may be;
Hold up the light, my broth - er, Or in temptation's hour,
Hold up the light, my broth - er, Up - on the temp'rance shore,

:S: FINE.

Hold up the light, my broth-er, That ev - 'ry one may see.
Some wea-ry one may fal - ter, And sink beneath its power.
A bea-con light of safe - ty, The err - ing to re - store.

D.S. *Hold up the light, my broth - er, Hold up the gos-pel light.*

CHORUS. D.S.

Hold up the light, hold up the light, Hold up the temp'rance banner;

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No. 103. RING THE BELLS.

WM. B. BLAKE. J. H. T.

1. Ring the bells of heaven to - day, Let the glad, glad strain Of re -
2. Ring the bells of heaven to - day, While the an - gel throng, Round the
3. Ring the bells of heaven to - day, Ev - er - last-ing praise Be to

joic-ing and praise be-gin, O'er the wanderer's return to his Father's house,
por-tal's of mercy's door. And the Father takes his hand, bids him welcome in,
God's ev- er-blessed Son, Who has bought us with His blood, made us heirs of God,

CHORUS.

From the bleak, dreary plains of sin. Ring the bells of heaven to-day, Chant re-
To go out from the fold no more.
And prepared for our rest a home.

. demption's holy song; Touch your harps in the mighty strain, For the

wand'ring feet have turned to their rest at last, And the long-lost is home again.

From "SWEET FIELDS OF EDEN," by per.

No. 104. WINE IS A MOCKER.

J. H. Tenney.

Wine is a mock-er, Strong drink is raging, And who-so-ev-er is de-

Solo.

ceived thereby is not wise. Who hath sorrow? Who hath woe?

Solo.

Who hath contentions? Who hath babblings? Who hath wounds without

rit.

Who hath redness of eyes? They who tarry long at the

cause?

rit.

wine, They who tar-ry long at the wine,

wine, at the wine, wine, at the wine,

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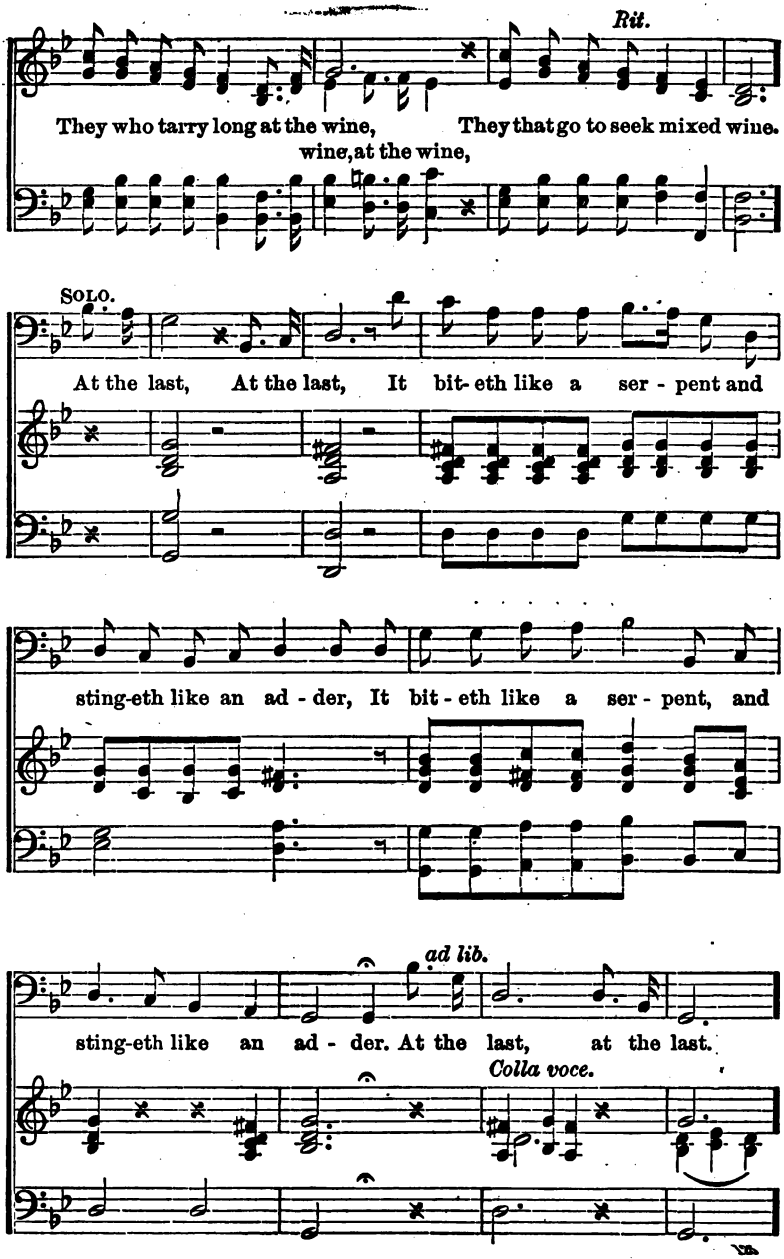
WINE IS A MOCKER.



WINE IS A MOCKER.

CHORUS. *Con spirito.*

Then dash, dash the wine-cup, the wine-cup a - way, Be a

man while you can, dash the wine cup a - way. Be a

man . . . . . while you can, Be a

Be a man, while you can,

man . . . . while you can, Dash the wine-cup a -

Be a man, while you can,

rall. *Repeat Cho.*

way, dash the wine cup away, dash the wine cup, the wine cup a - way.

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T. R. GILSON, MUSIC TYPOGRAPHER, BOSTON.

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